

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST COMICS!!

NO.

44

TOP-NOTCH

APR

10¢

Laugh

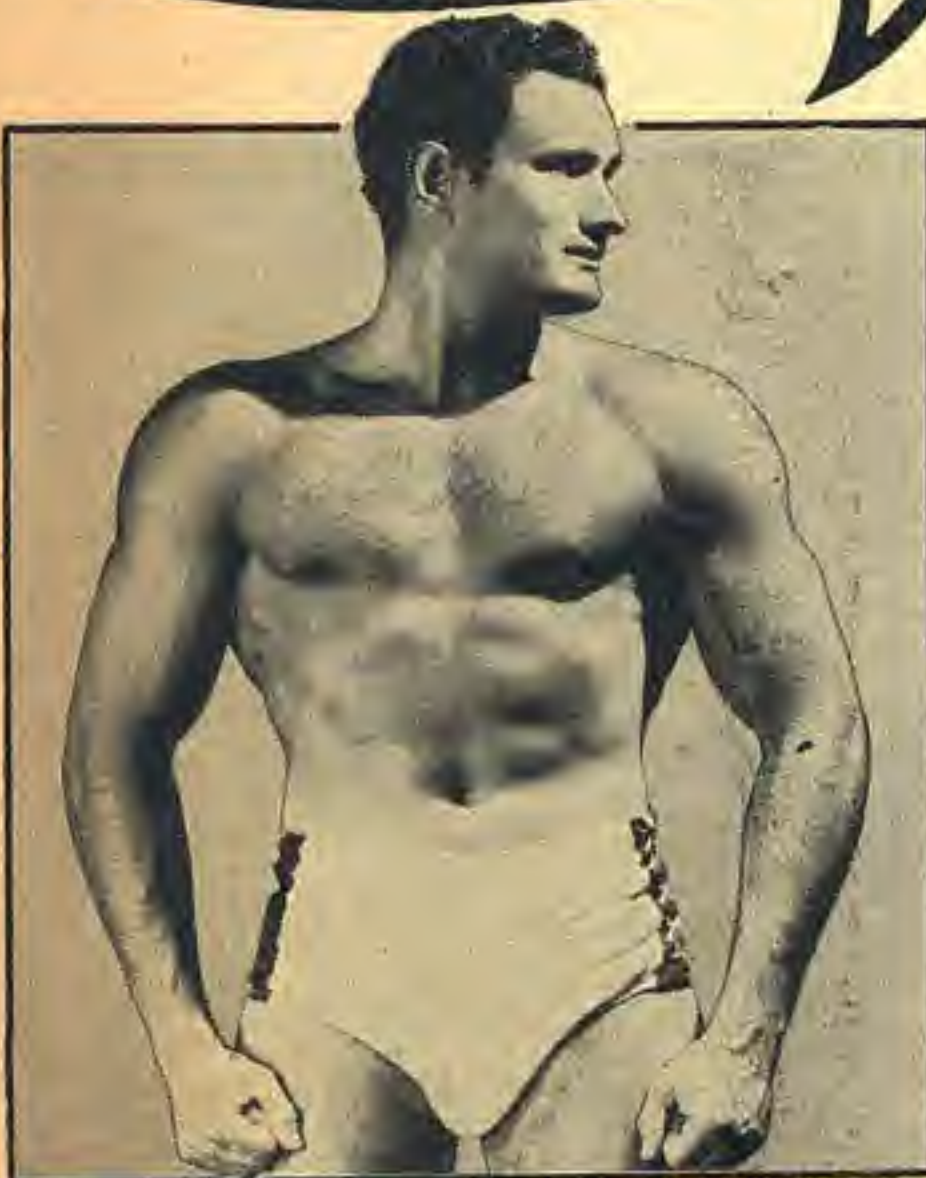
comics

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

FRAIL...WEAK...UNDEVELOPED? TRY THIS QUICK EASY WAY TO GET BIG HUSKY HANDSOME MUSCLES!



New 97 Feature Muscle Building Method Gets Startling Results for Thousands! Costs Little!

You build new rugged muscles... then learn how to use them! No drudgery! It is quick... easy... and actually fun!

If you are frail... weak... puny... and undeveloped, here is just what you probably need! **THE HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** shows you how to develop layers of tough, rugged muscle... and then shows you how to use your new found strength in actual combat and body contact work. No need to be a "sissy" or a "softie" now.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

With the **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** you start on preliminary training the very first day. In the first ten minutes you are taking a workout that starts you on the way to a rugged, handsome, powerful body. Every muscle in the body is given special attention. And it is all described with **COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHS** taken with high speed cameras so that you don't miss any action.

Naturally, your arms, chest, shoulders and neck get plenty of special attention. You've got to have a powerful upper body if you want to be a first-class fighting machine. This means a thick, **BULL-LIKE NECK... POWERFUL BROAD SHOULDERS... DEEP MASSIVE CHEST...** and **HEAVILY MUSCLED ARMS**. You get them all when you follow all of **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHODS** with its quick short cuts.

Next **STOMACH MUSCLES** come in for their full share of development. Just a few minutes each day and you can have that flat, rippling, washboard stomach that can take all kinds of heavy punishment. Last but not least, your **LEGS** get full workouts and developments on **THIGHS** and **CALVES**.

The **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING METHOD** gives you actual combat and body contact workouts. It shows you how to be a **ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTER...** where no holds are barred. You get all the tricks of offensive and defensive fighting. You learn how to handle yourself in modern **JUDO** and **JIU-JITSU**. To round out your knowledge you also learn **BONE CRUSHING WRESTLING TACTICS**. And last but not least, you get full and

thorough instructions on **BOXING**. You learn how to handle your dukes in quick easy lessons.

In addition, you are supplied with full information on how to **GAIN WEIGHT**, **HOW TO REDUCE...** **COMBAT** and **BODY CONTACT TRICKS** that make you a winner everytime... charts of **VULNERABLE BODY SPOTS**. How to use or break **STRANGLE HOLDS**, **DISARMING OPPONENTS**, **BLOCKING DIRTY BLOWS**. Effective use of **HANDS** and **FEET** in combat. And scores of other tips... all completely illustrated in **SLOW MOTION PICTURE "SHOTS"**.

LIMITED OFFER—ACT NOW!

The entire **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** costs but \$3.95. How long it can be sold at this price... we honestly don't know. So why take chances. Send for your outfit today. Send no money now. Just fill out the coupon below with your name and address (or on a post card) and the complete **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** will be sent out by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only \$3.95 plus postal charges. Write today!

\$3.95
SEND NO MONEY

INSTITUTE
FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, INC.
39 W. 60th St., Dept. D-37, New York, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
39 West 60th Street, Dept. D-37 New York, N. Y.

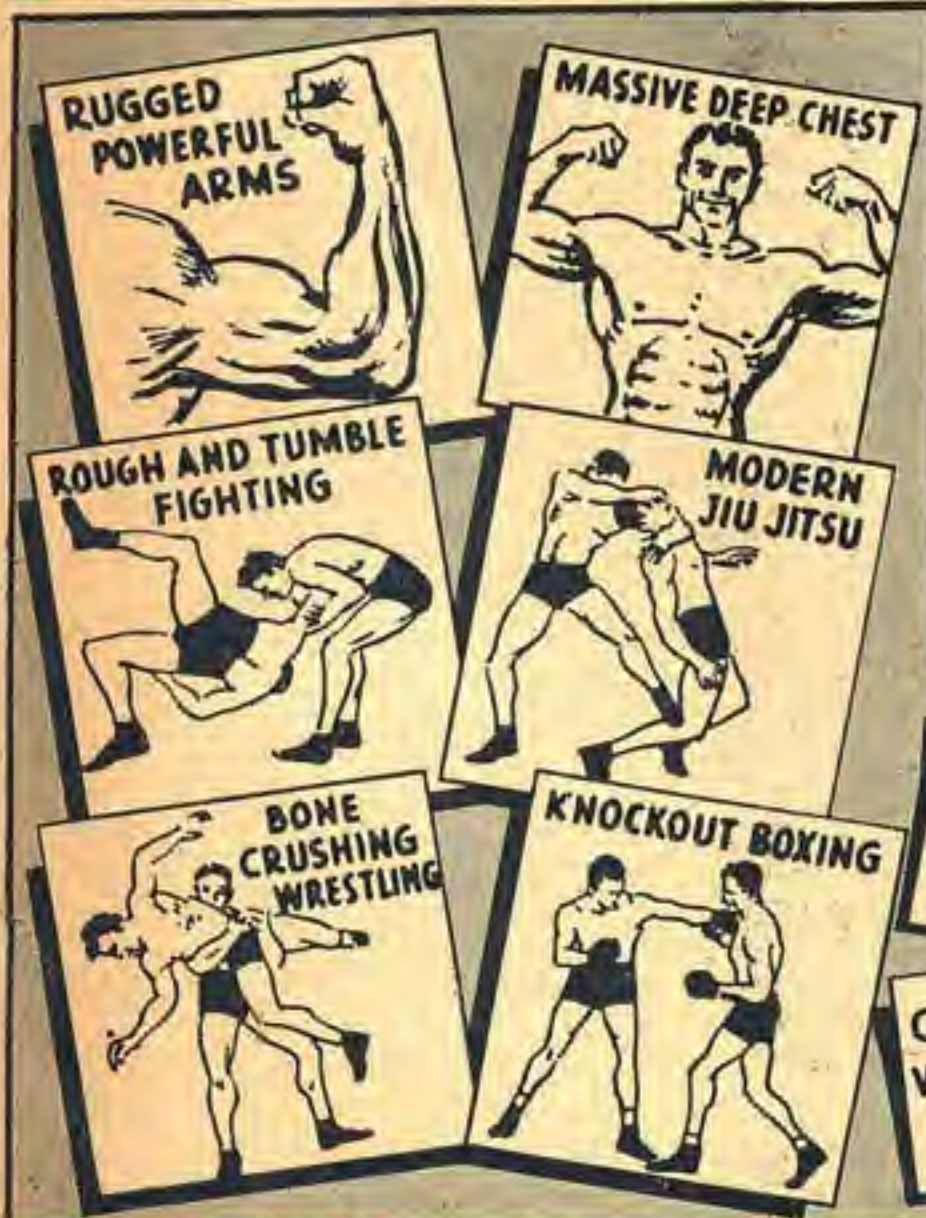
Please rush me the complete **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING OUTFIT** by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.95 plus postal charges when package arrives.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

(If under 16 order must be signed by parent or guardian.)



SUZIE



I.J. LEOPARD
FURRIER

WE DO NOT
CHANGE OUR
SPOTS... WE
ARE ALWAYS
AT THE SAME
LOCATIONS



WELL, OF ALL THINGS...
SUZIE, A SIGN PAINTER'S
HELPER! IF MR. LEOPARD
VALUES HIS BUSINESS,
HE'D BETTER WATCH OUT.
BUT ANYWAY, LET'S SEE
WHAT HAPPENS....

OKAY, BRIGHT EYES! DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN MIX UP SOME
COLORS! WE'RE REPAINTING
OUR EMBLEM, THE LEOPARD!



OH MY GOSH, WHAT DID
I GET MYSELF INTO? I
DON'T KNOW HOW TO MIX
PAINT TO DO A LEOPARD!

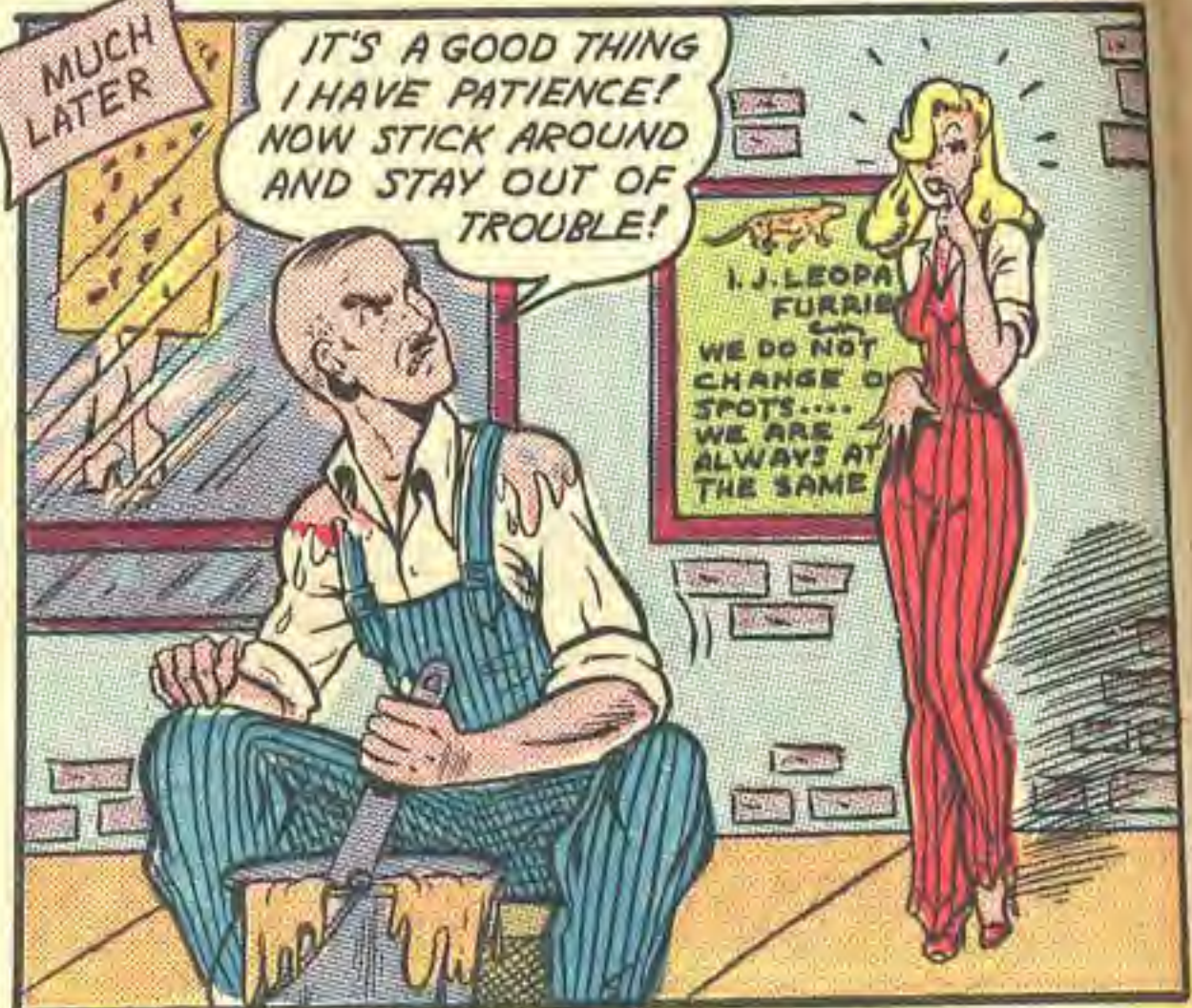


HEY! WHAT DO
YOU THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



by
GINGER-

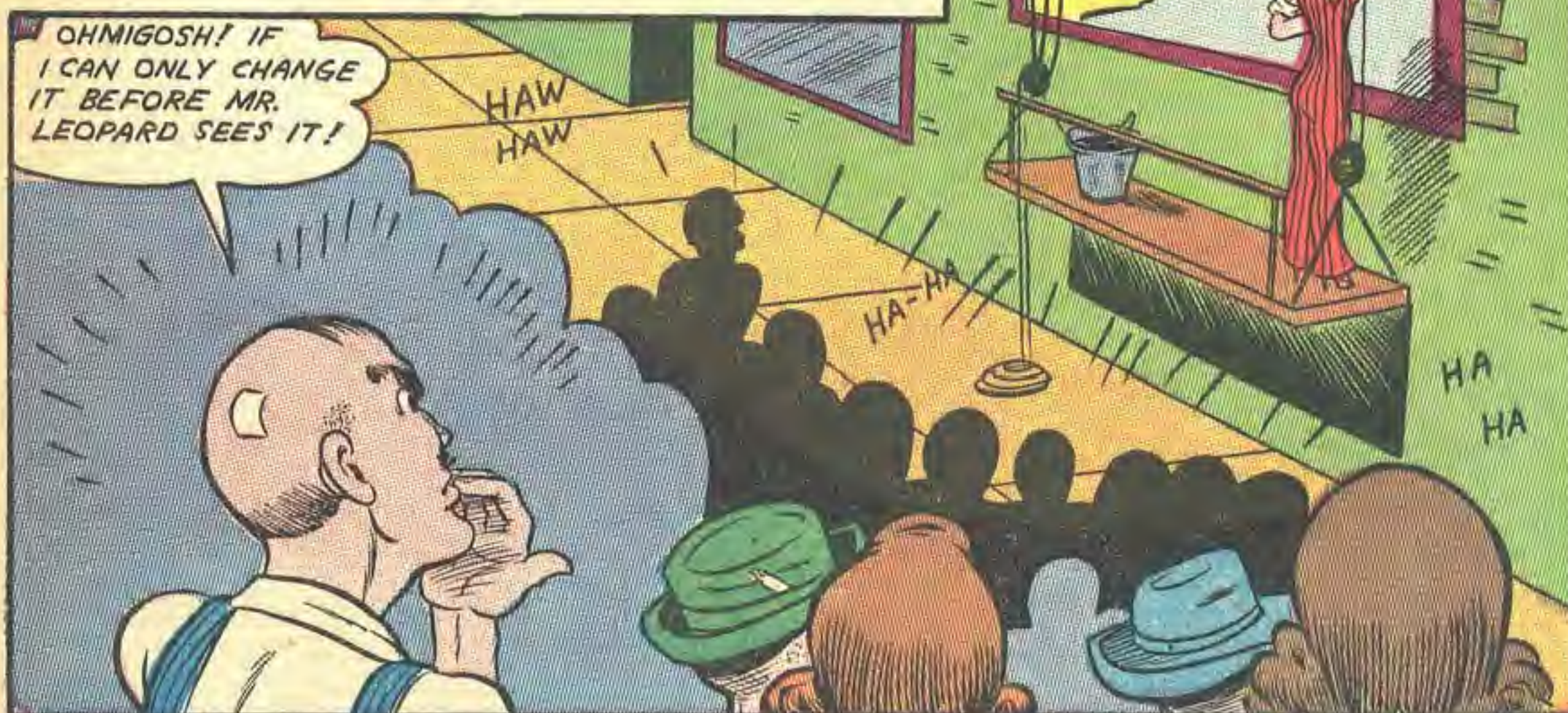
STORY
by GOGGIN

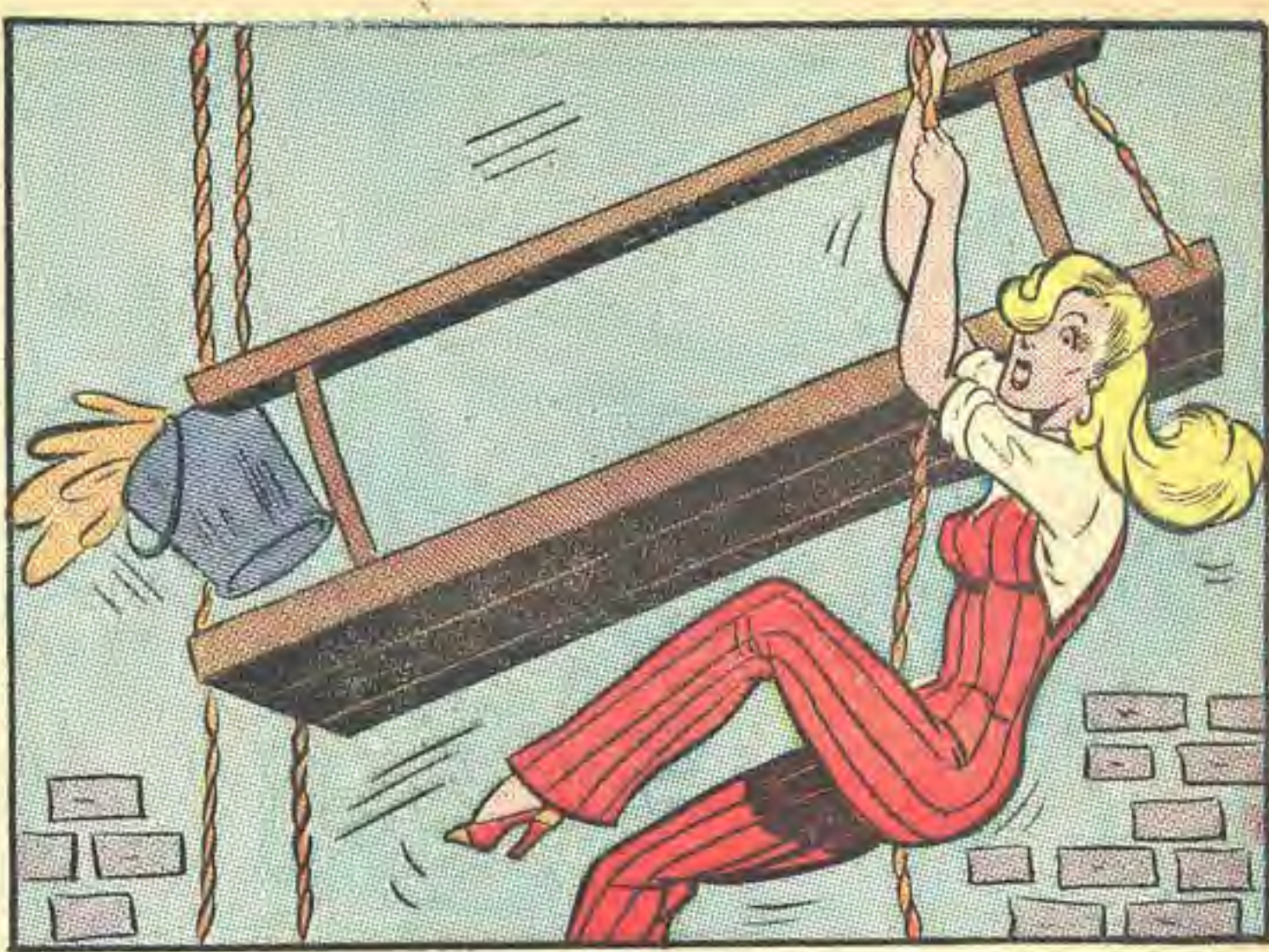




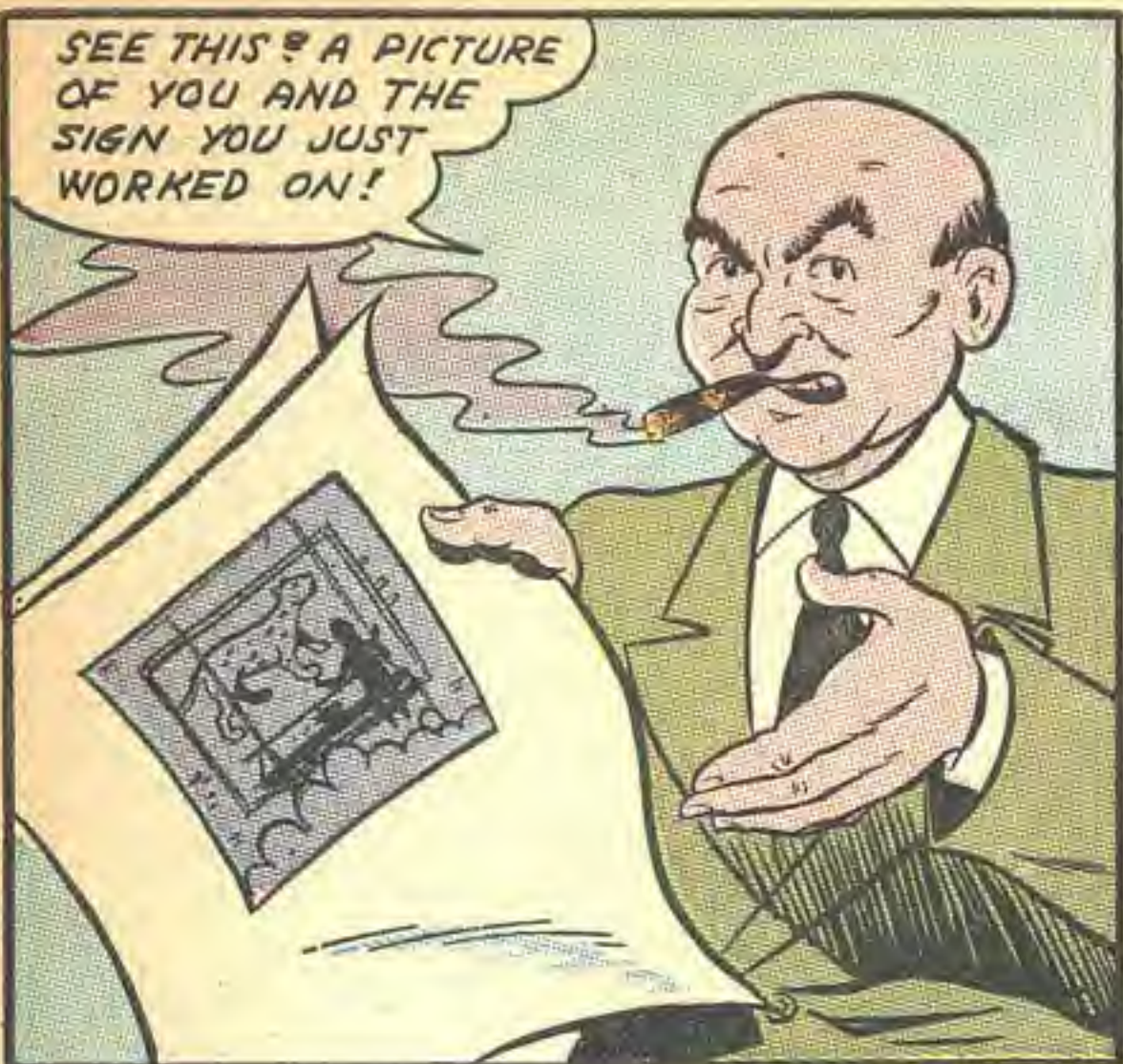
AND SO, SUZIE IS PUT TO WORK COVERING UP AN OLD SIGN WITH PAINT...







SEE THIS! A PICTURE
OF YOU AND THE
SIGN YOU JUST
WORKED ON!



OH, GOSH, MR.
LEOPARD, I'M
SORRY!

SORRY, NOTHING,
SUZIE!



JUST LOOK AT THAT
CROWD! THE SIGN HAD A
NEGATIVE EFFECT!
THAT'S REAL ADVERTISING!



SUZIE, YOU'RE A WONDER!
HERE'S YOUR BRUSH... I'M
GIVING YOU A RAISE AND
FULL SWING TO DO AS
YOU PLEASE!



GOSH, THIS IS
WONDERFUL! AT
LAST I'VE DONE
SOMETHING RIGHT!
GOLLY, A RAISE
AND FULL...



... SWING



OH DEAR! I KNEW IT
WAS TOO GOOD TO
BE TRUE! I WONDER
IF I'LL EVER FIND A
JOB WHERE I WON'T
MESS EVERYTHING UP!



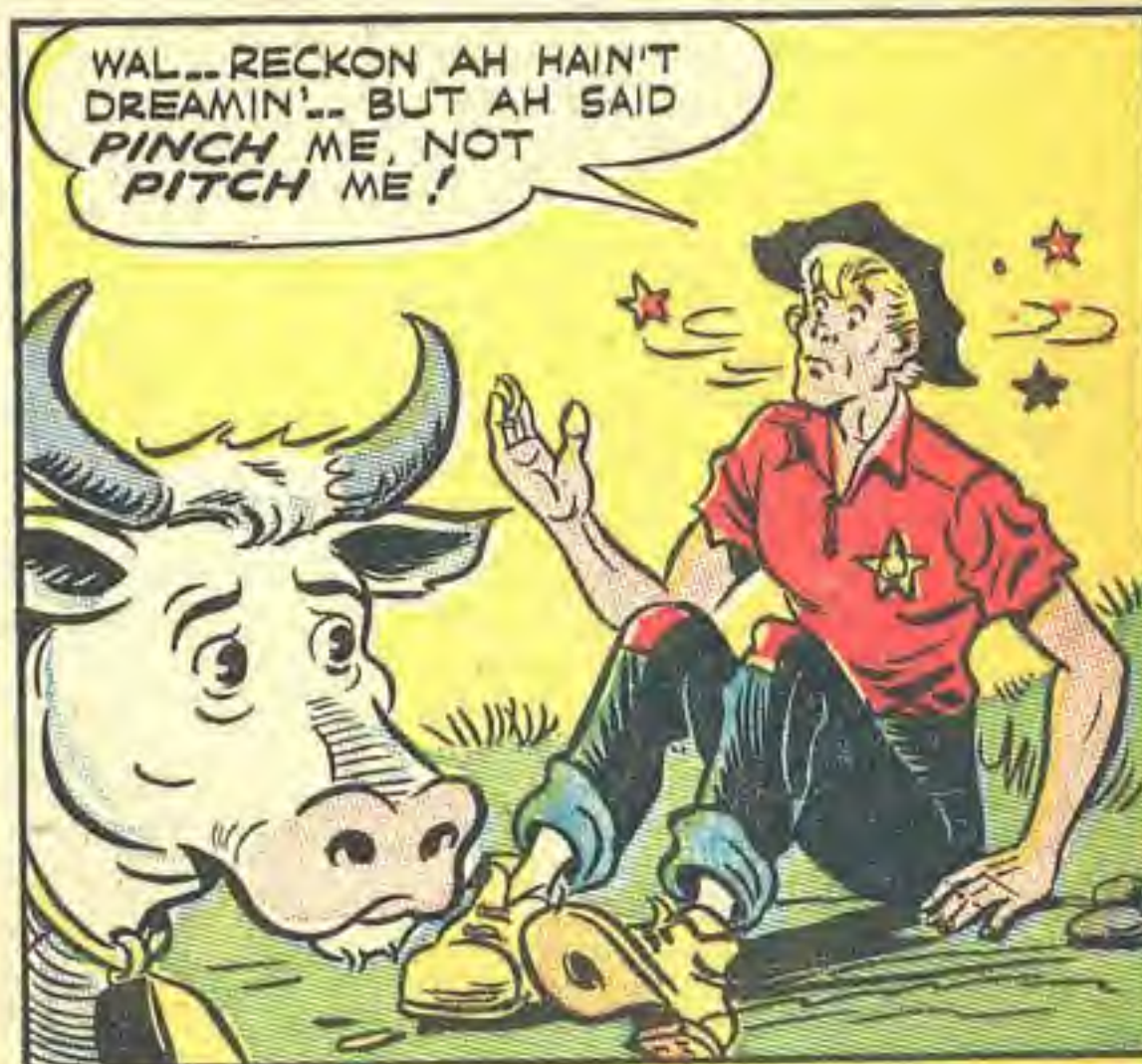
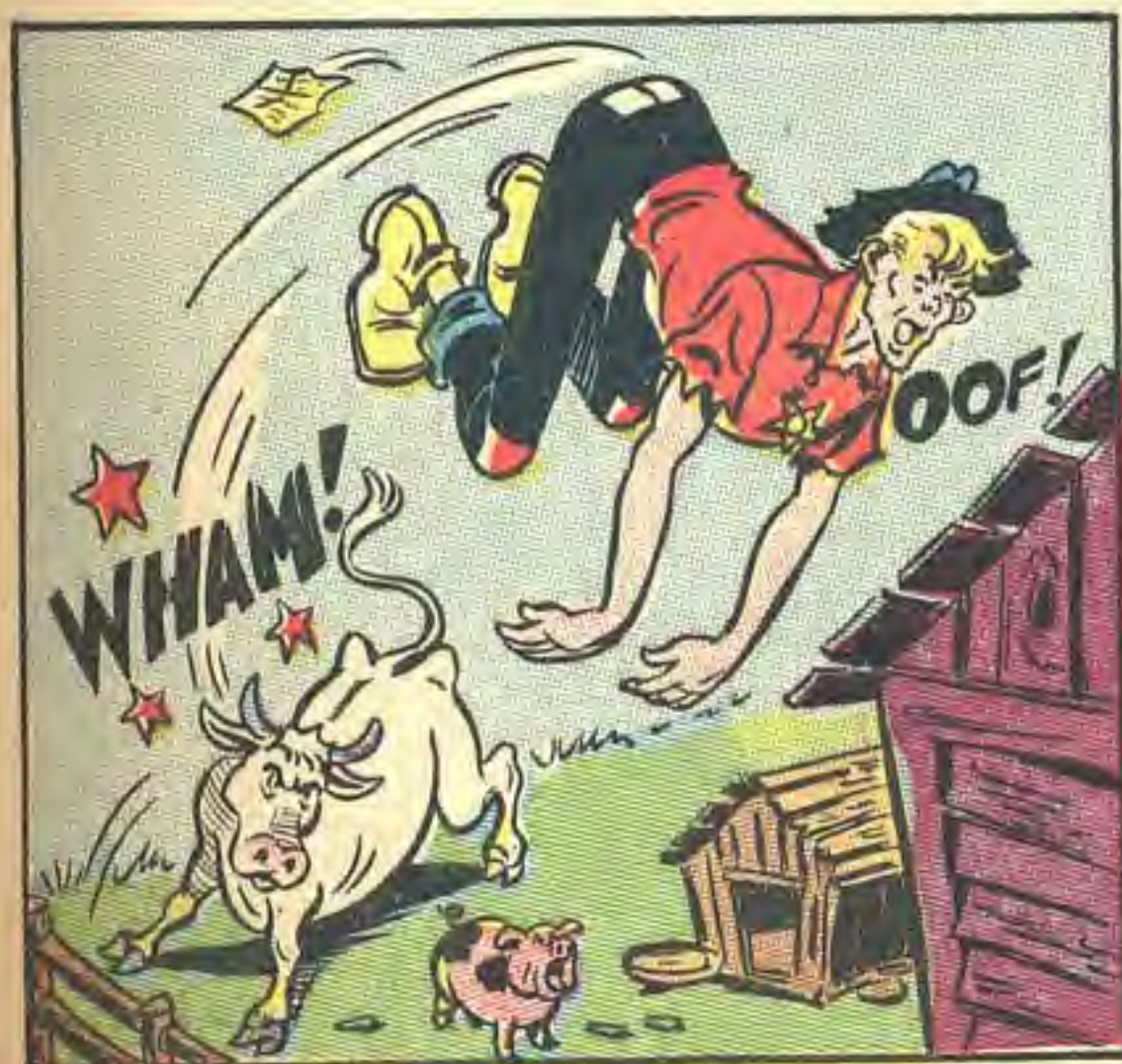
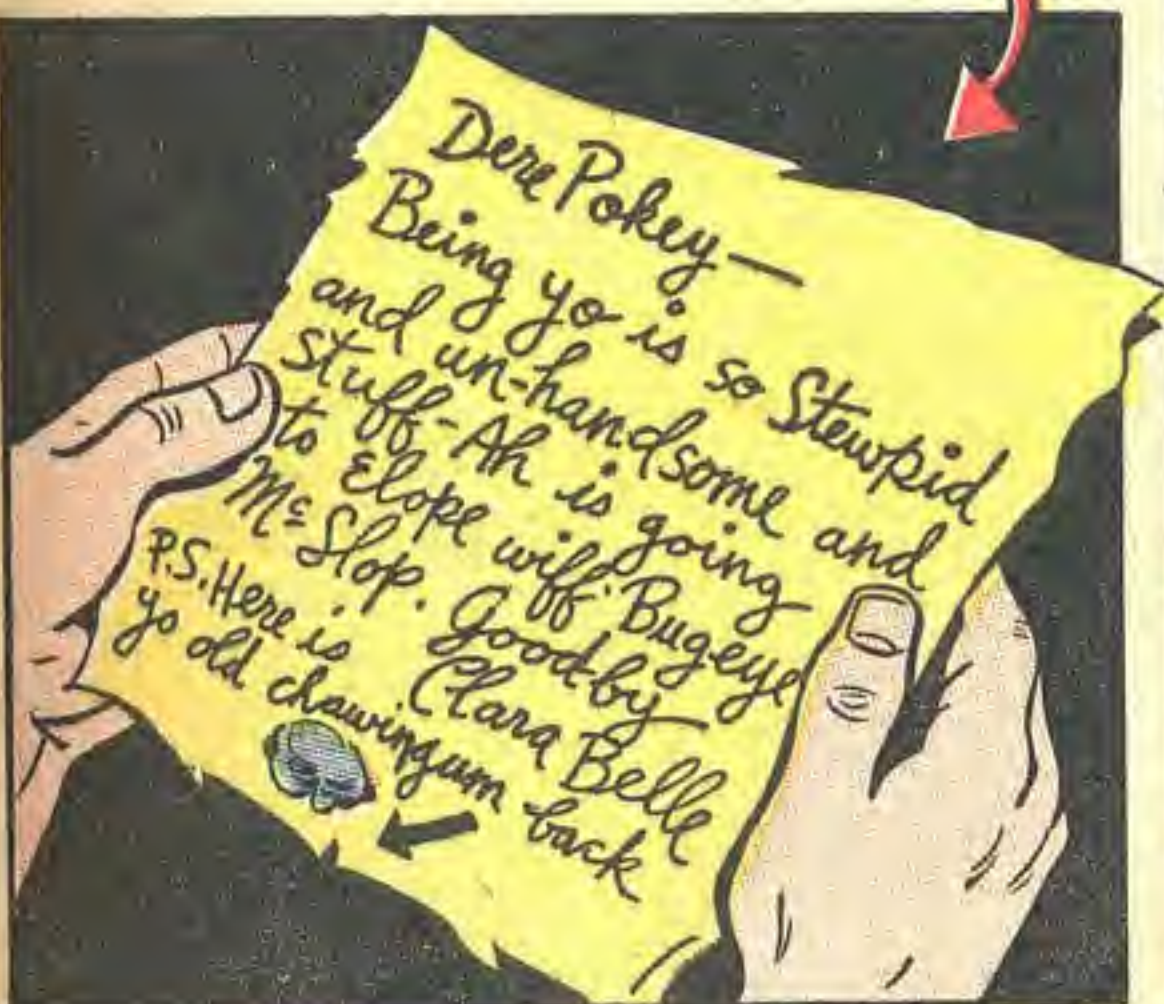
WELL, WHAT WILL HAPPEN
TO SUZIE NEXT? READ
TOP-NOTCH LAUGH!

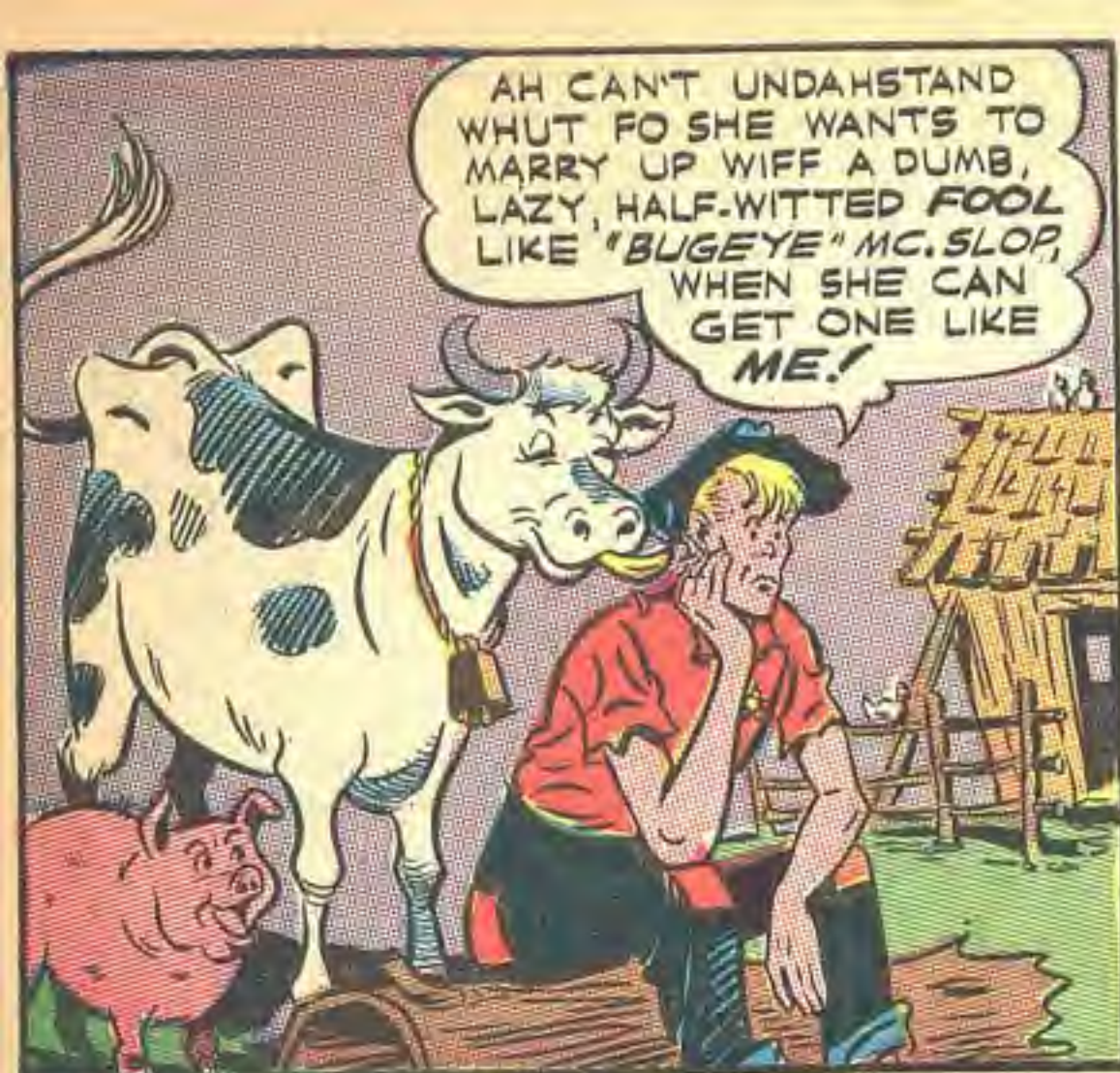
POKEY OAKKEY

A Don Dean Production

JUST IN CASE YOU WERE NOT WITH US LAST MONTH (AND SHAME ON YOU IF YOU WEREN'T) POKEY HAS RECEIVED THIS NOTE FROM HIS SWEETHEART...

READING TIME..TAKE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE....









AWRIGHT.. WHUT YO' GOT?

THE **ACE** OF HEARTS THASS WHUT!



SHO NUFF, HO.HO.HO..



WAL, GAL, AH IS THE **VICTOR**, AN' WHUT'S MORE AH AIMS TO MARRY UP WIFF YO' SOON AS WE CAN GET TO A PREACHER!

B.BUT, **BUGEYE**, HONEY, AH WANTED TO **ELOPE!**



WE CAN **ELOPE** APLENTY AFTAH WE IS MARRIED/AH WANTS A PREACHER **NOW!**

YEA, BROTHAH, AN' YO WANTS ARE GRANTED!



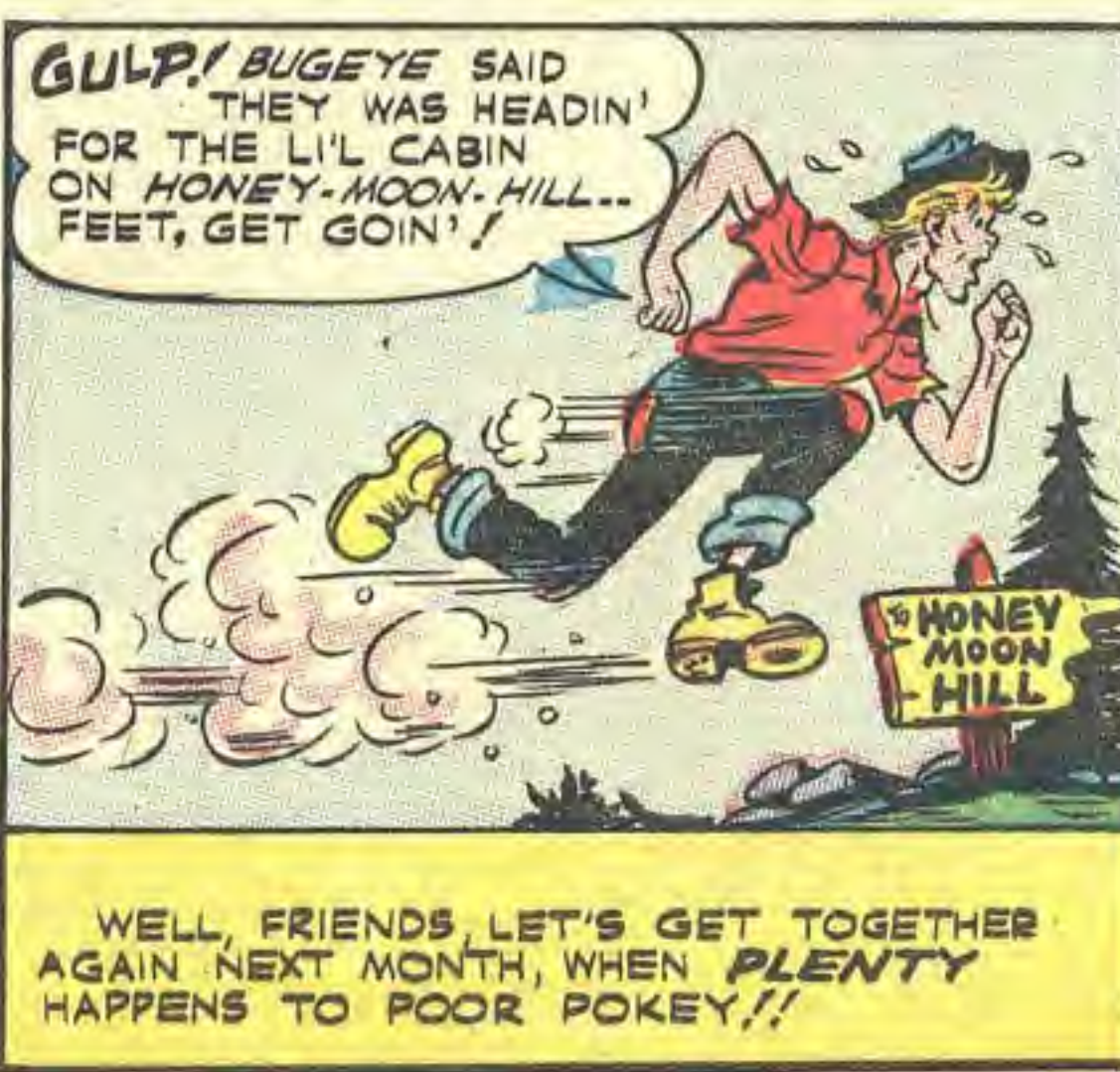
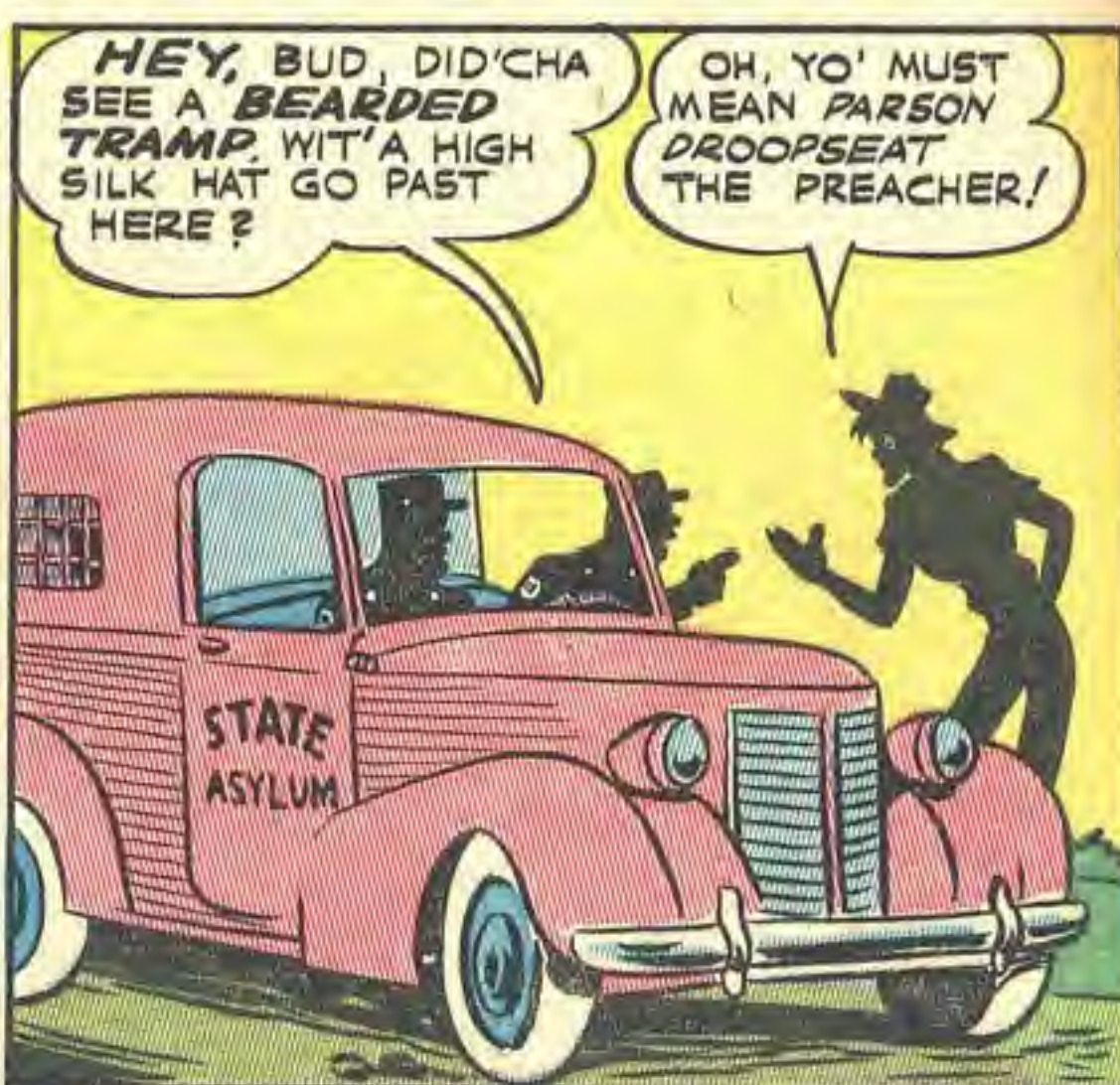
YO' MEANS YO IS A **PREACHER?**

YEAH, BROTHAH AH IS PARSON **DROOP**. SEAT, THE SAVIOR OF THESE HILLS!



OKAY, PARSON, SOON AS I GET US A **RING** HYAR.. YO' CAN SPLICE US!!





Señor SIESTA

Wm Vignola



I'M A MOVIE SCOUT..
YOU'RE JUST THE MAN
FOR MY PICTURE!
THIS IS COLOSSAL!
GIGANTIC!



YOU'LL MAKE
MILLIONS! YOU'LL
BE THE NEW SENSATION!
WOMEN WILL WORSHIP
YOU!!



MILLIONS!
I TELL YOU,
MILLIONS!



MEET ME TOMORROW
MORNING AT THE
STATION!!

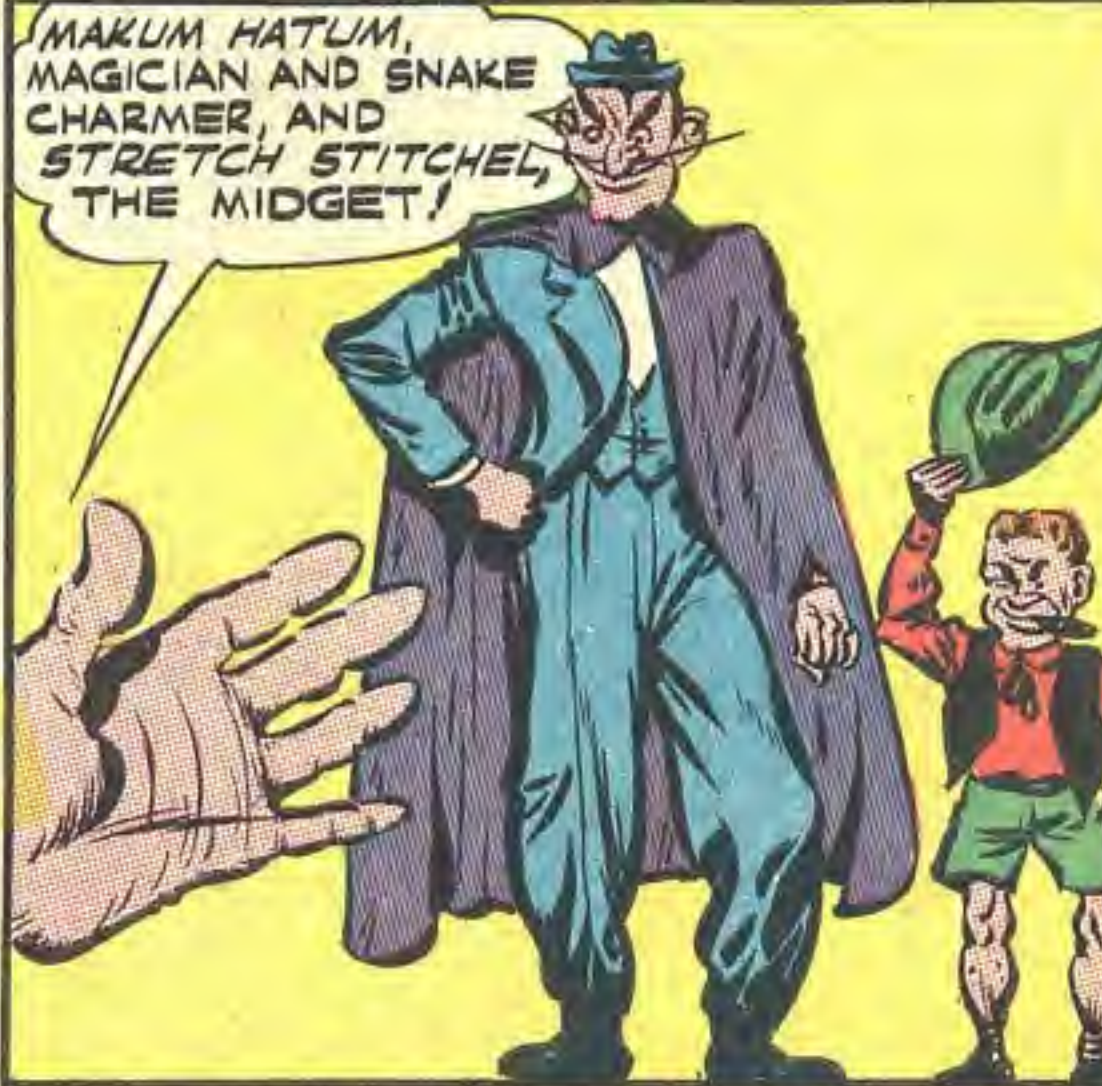


NEXT MORNING..

AH..HERE
YOU ARE, SENOR!
I WANT YOU TO
MEET YOUR
COLLEAGUES!



MAKUM HATUM,
MAGICIAN AND SNAKE
CHARMER, AND
STRETCH STITCHEL,
THE MIDGET!







LATER..

I AM SORRY..
EET WAS AN
ACCEEDENT!

FUNNY GUY,
EH, I'LL FIX
HIS WAGON!



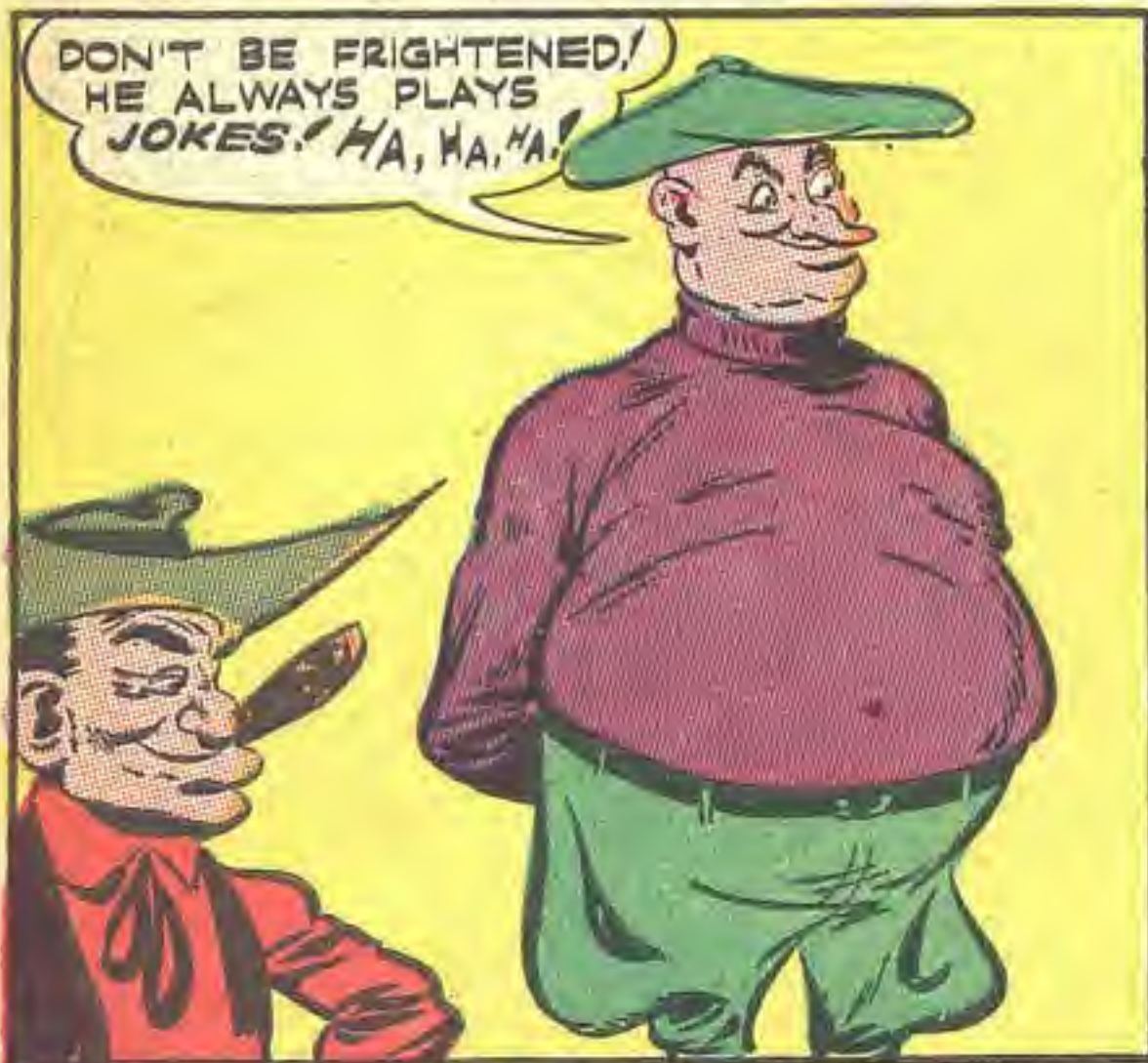
IT'S OKAY..
ACCIDENTS
DO HAPPEN!



SAY.. WHAT
HAVE YOU
GOT HERE?



AAAE EEE!!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
HE ALWAYS PLAYS
JOKES! HA, HA, HA!



SAY! MY
SNAKE'S GONE!
MIISTA CRAWLED
AWAY, WHEN I WASN'T
LOOKIN'!

HO. HUMM..
TIME TO HIT
THE HAY.. HOW'S
ABOUT IT BOYS
? ? ?

THAT NIGHT.. ALL IS QUIET
ON THE TRAIN, EXCEPT FOR
THE USUAL SNORES, INCLUD-
ING SNORE SIESTA...ER...
PARDON, SENOR SIESTA...



SUDDENLY...



Readers' Page

EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES! ENTER THIS UN-USUAL CONTEST RIGHT NOW! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER YOU LIKE BEST IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! AND WHY!

THE BEST LETTER WILL RECEIVE A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF HIM OR HERSELF! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, 60 HUDSON ST., RM. 315, N.Y.C. BUT WIN OR LOSE, YOUR PICTURE WILL BE PUBLISHED AS SHOWN BELOW!

The Winner ---

--- AND HER WINNING LETTER!



RHODA GREENBERG
570 LEFFERTS AVE.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

As a reader of Top Notch Laugh Comics, I consider Senor Siesta the best. The way he's portrayed by the artist, makes him the funniest, the most interesting, + most exciting character I've ever read. I follow Top Notch Laugh Comics especially for Senor Siesta. As for the others, they're swell too!

Rhoda Greenberg



GWENDOLYN TARR
120 E. FIRST AVE.
DERRY, PA.



GERALD WILLIAMS
AVON, N.C.



LEATHA FIEDLER
2034 SUMMIT
KANSAS CITY, MO.



ELIZABETH TOSTI
233 SO. PEARL ST.
ALBANY, N.Y.



MAE TREGEA
1715 HAAK ST.
READING, PA.



FRANK PONTO JR.
715 N. TOWNSEND ST.
SYRACUSE, N.Y.



J. McKEEVER JR.
110 RALPH AVE.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



FRANK WEIERKE
FARMINGTON, MINN.



EMORY ROBY
715 DINBIDDIE ST.
LYNCHBURG, VA.



FRED NORMAN
ST. JOHNS
NEWFOUNDLAND



ANNA GORBATKIN
5309 INDIANA AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.



ILENE SHAKE
1914 SECOND AVE.
TERRE HOUTE, IND.



JACK UNDERWOOD
204 S. WEST ST.
ATHENS, ALABAMA



IRVING GONSHACK
946 N. DITMAN AVE.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



JOY PIERCE
407 HADEY ST.
OLD HICKROY, TENN.

The Winner

RHODA GREENBERG



HONORABLE MENTION-CONTINUED



BEVERLY HOUSER
5829 N. 34 ST.
OMAHA, NEBR.



PATSY SANDERS
728 SOUTH OAK ST.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS



VIRGINIA STEVENS
BOX 518
DEL RIO, TEXAS



PATTY GOOCH
BOX 552
MONTPELIER, IDAHO



JEANNINE BLUM
619 E. ADAM AVE.
BURBANK, CAL.



LEO WILENSKY
3988-49 ST.
SUNNYSIDE, L.I.



STELLA GARDNER
RD. 1, BOX 321
PETALUMA, CALIF.



LORRAINE MULLEN
738 TYLER ST.
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

HONORABLE MENTION - CONTINUED



MARY SARGIS
23 LAWRENCE ST.
HARTFORD, CONN.



ALEX LA MANNA
910 SO. BISHOP ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.



JAMES H. ROMLY
630 CHARLOTTE ST.
DETROIT, MICH.



DANA LEET JR.
VIRGINIA CITY, NEBR.



BENJAMIN BURDELLE
745 PASS AVE.
BURBANK, CALIF.



LUCILLE DEPUIS
24½ CHASE ST.
METHUEN, MASS.



RAY PRIMER
6920 HASMER AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO



ROSALIE DE GENNARO
2400 McDONALD AVE.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



EILEEN McMAHAN



BARBARA SAHLI
ROSCOE S. DAK.



LOIS M. WANGE
BOX 214
MANDEVILLE, LA



SAM WORKMAN
LOVELY, KY.



RAYMOND MASTANTROW
28 SWISS ST.
PROVIDENCE, R.I.



LILLIAN BLEVINS
ROUTE 1 BOX 160A
MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.



PVT. SAM COATES
CO. E. 119 INF.
NASHVILLE, TENN.



JANE TREIBER
72 OAKLAND ST.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.



ARNULFO OLIVEIRA
149 ADAMS ST.
BROWNSVILLE, TEX.



EBERT LA DONNA
MOUND, MINN.



MARY MAJIRECK
BOX 175
NORTH CHARLEROI,
PA.



EILEEN McCARHY
2 SUNSET AVE.
FOREST HILLS,
BOSTON, MASS.

SNOOP MCGOOK



The SOUPY SLEUTH

BY
HUBBELL

AT THE PALATIAL CLAPSADDLE ESTATE WE FIND THE THREE CLAPSADDLE SISTERS, ELLA, BELLA, AND DELLA...

SISTER BELL, I FEEL ROMANTIC

ME TOO, DELLA! LET'S INVITE SOMEBODY OVER!

WHO?



IF YOU MEAN THOSE THREE HALF DEAD OLD GINKS THAT HAVE BEEN CLUTTERING THIS PLACE REGULARLY FOR THE LAST SIXTEEN YEARS, COUNT ME OUT!

THE HECK WITH THEM! I'LL GET HOLD OF A NEW GUY!



FOR PITY'S SAKE, WHO? THERE HASN'T BEEN A MAN WHO CALLED ON US SINCE THE SPRING OF 1931!

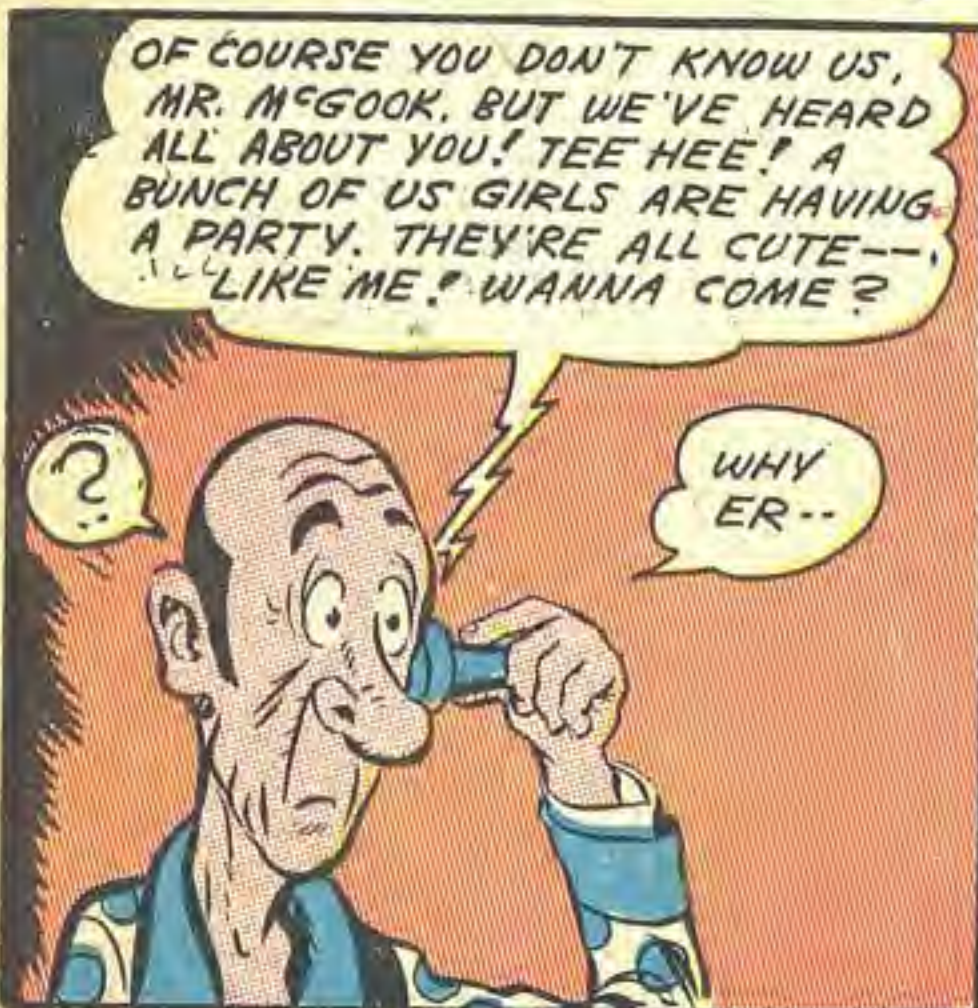
IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY STARTED PAYING ATTENTION TO THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS LIKE US! I'LL PICK A NAME OUT OF THE PHONE BOOK!

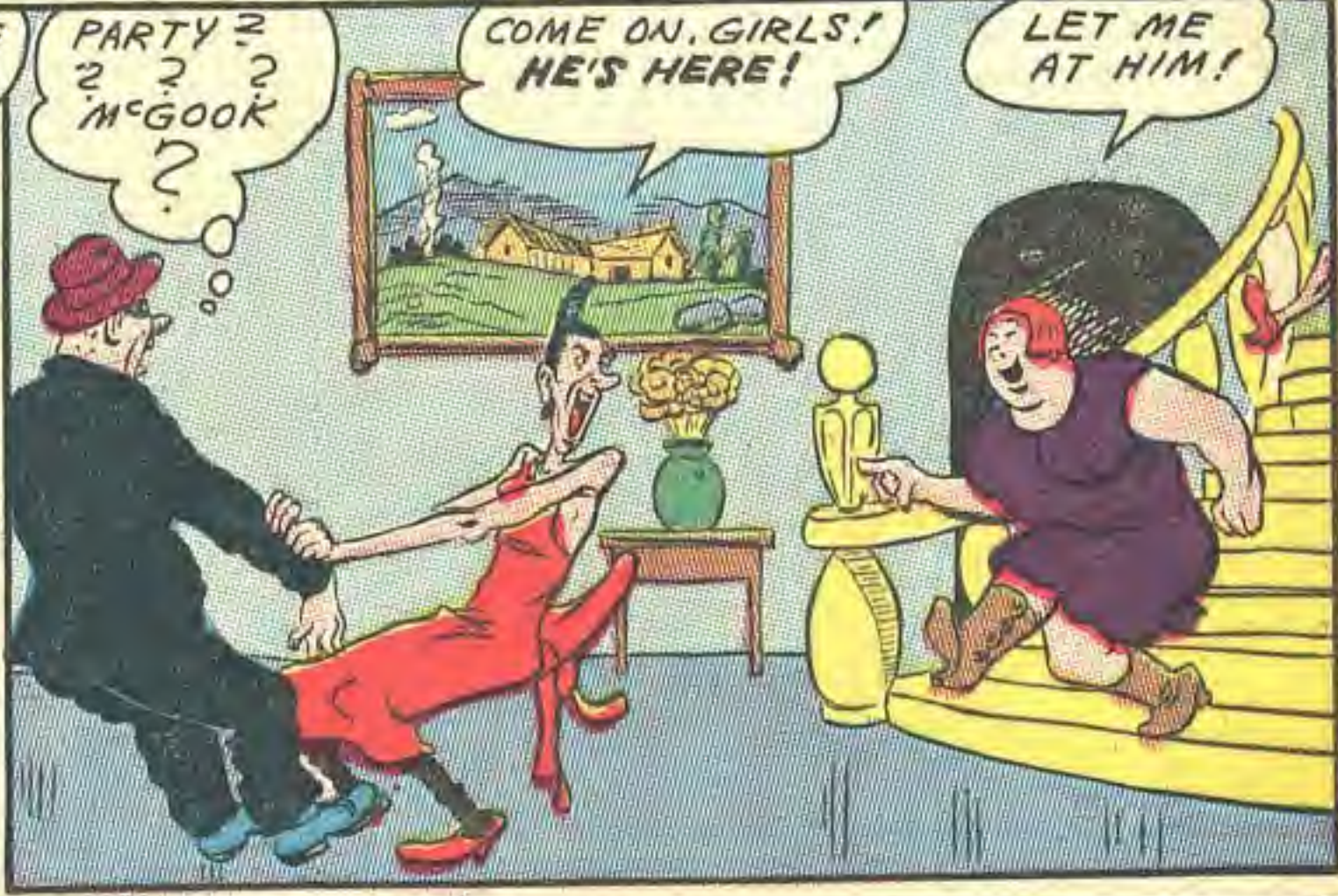


YES? AND WHAT THEN?

THEN I'LL CALL HIM UP AND DESCRIBE OUR FEMININE CHARMS! NATURALLY, HE'LL COME RUSHING RIGHT OVER! HERE GOES!







MEANWHILE SNOOP ARRIVES AT THE CLAPSADDLE ESTATE!



HM... NICE PLACE THIS MISS CLAPSADDLE LIVES IN!



THIS LOVE SEAT MAKES YOU FEEL SOOO ROMANTIC, DOESN'T IT, MR. MCGOOK?

WOT'S DIS? COPS?

JUST A MINUTE BABE!

RING



WHAT DO YOU WANT, BUD? I'M SNOOP MCGOOK! IS THIS WHERE THE PARTY IS? A MISS. CLAPSADDLE INVITED ME!



MCGOOK? DIS MUST BE TH' GUY THEY THINK IS ME!

GOOD! COME RIGHT IN! I CAN USE YOU!

ULP!



SHH! THESE THREE GIRLS ARE VERY DANGEROUS HOMICIDAL LOONYTICKS! THEY WAS PLANNIN' TO KNOCK YOU OFF TONIGHT!

YEAH? I'LL CALL A COP!



NO! NO! I'M A F.B.I AGENT MYSELF IN DISGUISE, NATURALLY! YOU KEEP 'EM BUSY WHILE I TRY TO FIND SOME OF THEIR VICTIMS' BODIES!

B..BODIES?



WH.. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO D..DO?

TH' ONLY WAY TO KEEP THEM FROM KILLING YOU IS TO KEEP THEM FEELING ROMANTIC! GIT GOIN', DON JAUN!



OH LOOK! ANOTHER MAN!

WHEE! THIS IS OUR LUCKY NIGHT!

GULP!

COME ON, BRIGHT EYES, LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!

B. BUT I WAS ALWAYS TOLD TO BE CAREFUL OF STRANGE WOMEN!

WE AIN'T SO STRANGE WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW US CUTIE!

NOW! ISN'T THAT COMFY?

NO! I W.. WANTA GO HOME!

BUT YOU JUST GOT HERE!

UPSTAIRS, HARRIS IS STEALING EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T NAILED DOWN!

OH BABY! SOME SPARKLERS! AFTER TONIGHT I CAN RETIRE!

MEANWHILE, THE POLICE ARE GRADUALLY CLOSING IN!

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY OTHER HOUSE!

HE MUST BE HERE!

ALL RIGHT, HARRIS, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! SO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

OH YEAH? COME AN' GET ME, COPPERS!

BANG BANG!

SO HE WANTS TO SHOOT IT OUT, HUH? LET HIM HAVE IT!

BANG!

KEEP OFF

ZING!

SH... SHOTS! THANK HEAVENS! SHOTS?

EEK!

BANG!

WHAT WILL SNOOP DO? WILL HE DASH OUT OF THE HOUSE, INTO A FUSILLADE OF BULLETS? OR REMAIN INSIDE, AT THE TOO TENDER MERCIES OF THE CLAP-SADDLE SISTERS? DON'T MISS THE STUNNING ANSWER NEXT MONTH!

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS GHOST
AND HIS ANGELIC SIDEKICK GABBY

by
"RED" HOLMDALE

R.I.P.

OH, SHED A TEAR FOR **GLOOMY GUS**
UNLUCKIER THAN MOST!
HE DIED BEFORE HIS TIME WAS UP,
SO, NOW HE'S A HOMELESS GHOST!

WHERE WE GOING THIS
TIME GUS.. IS THERE ANYBODY
THAT WE'RE CALLING ON
IN PARTICULAR?

NO, GABBY.. THINGS
ARE PRETTY DEAD UP
IN HEAVEN, TODAY..
ST. PETE DIDN'T
HAVE ANY
PROSPECTS!

SO I THOUGHT,
MAYBE WE'D JUST
KINDA BROWSE
AROUND.. AND
SEE IF WE
COULD FIND
SOME BODY!

YOU MEAN.. WE'RE
GOING TO THE
MORGUE..
HUH!

NOPE! NO
RESPECTABLE
BODIES IN
THAT JOINT!

HMMM... A
NEWSPAPER!

MAYBE THERE'S
A CUSTOMER
IN THE
OBITUARY
COLUMN!

WELL, FIND
ANYTHING,
GUS?

HMM--
PLENTY OF
PEOPLE DIED
ALL RIGHT!

BUT THEY'RE
ALL EX-CONVICTS,
OR POLITICIANS,
OR EDITORS,
ETC...

AND I'M NOT DEALING
WITH NO **BLACK
MARKET!**
NO SIR!

C'MON... MAYBE WE'LL
HAVE SOME LUCK, IF WE
DO SOME WINDOW
SHOPPING...

OH-OH--
SOMETHING
TELLS ME, THIS
IS GOING TO
BE A PAIN!

AND SO, THE TWO PEEPING
TOMS BEGIN...

NOPE!

NO
LUCK
HERE
EITHER!

NOTHING
HERE!

WHEW... WHATTA
NIGHT.. BOY!
LET'S GO BACK
TO HEAVEN, GUS,
I'M TIRED!

WAIT!
WHAT'S
THAT?

WH...
WHAT'D
YOU SEE,
GUS?

C'MON, THIS MAYBE
WORTH LOOKIN'
INTO..



FLASHES OF ELECTRICITY.. LIKE LIGHTNING.. COMING FROM THIS APARTMENT!

SAY.... MAYBE YOU GOT SOMETHIN' THERE, GUS!



HOLY SMOKES! GUS, LOOK IT!



AHHH.. AT LAST I'VE FINISHED MY MASTERPIECE! I'VE SUCCEEDED IN BUILDING A MECHANICAL MAN!



THINK, IT'LL WORK, GABBY?

I DON'T KNOW! IT'S CERTAINLY GOT ENOUGH GADGETS!



SAY, GABBY! MAYBE I COULD USE THAT FOR A BODY!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE GUS! I'M YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL, AND SUPPOSED TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE!



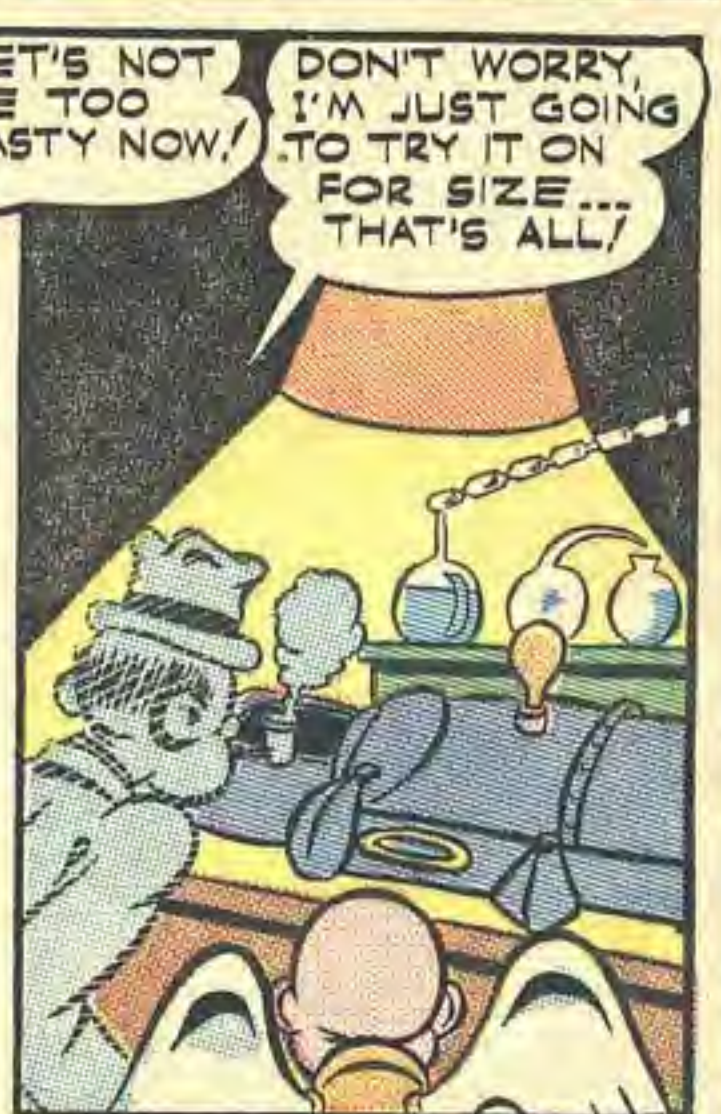
IN JUST A MINUTE, I'LL KNOW, IF YEARS OF WORK WILL BE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS!



C'MON, GABBY, THIS IS OUR CHANCE WHILE HE'S GONE!

LET'S NOT BE TOO HASTY NOW!

DON'T WORRY, I'M JUST GOING TO TRY IT ON FOR SIZE... THAT'S ALL!



HOW DOES IT LOOK ON ME, GABBY.. SNUG FIT, HUH?

NOT BAD.. B.B. BUT.. OH! OH! SOMEONE'S COMING! C'MON LET'S GET GOING!



'HOLY SMOKES!
I CAN'T! I'M
STUCK IN HERE!

WHAT?



L..LUCKY
HE CAN'T
SEE US! JUST
DON'T MOVE!
MAYBE YOU
CAN SNEAK
OUT LATER!



AAA-HHH
THERE.. NOW
I'M ALL SET!

HEY.. WHAT'S
HE UP TO
NOW?



NOW, FOR
THE FINAL
TEST!



I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOK ON THAT GUY'S
FACE.. *WHEW*.. IT'S
GETTIN' HOT IN
THIS COFFEE GRINDER!



I'LL JUST
THROW THIS
SWITCH,
GRADUALLY!

WHAT TH..
THE BULB IS
LIGHTING UP!

YES.. YES.. I'VE
DONE IT, I TELL
YOU! I'VE BUILT
THE MECHANICAL
MAN!!



AND IN THE MEANTIME...

NOW, LOOK WHAT YOU
HAVE DONE.. HOW ARE
YOU GOING TO GET
OUT OF THIS MESS?
WHY'D YOU
DO IT?



STOP SQUAWKING.. AND
HELP ME OUT OF THIS
CONTRAPTION!

I'M GOIN' TO
MAKE A COMPLETE
REPORT TO ST.
PETE ABOUT
THIS, GUS!
THIS MIGHT
COST ME
MY JOB!



B. BUT GABBY
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME!

THE HECK, I
CAN'T! I GOTTA
FAMILY TO
SUPPORT!
OH, OH.. HERE
COMES EVERY
BODY! S'LONG,
GUS!



AND TRUE ENOUGH OUTSIDE
THE WORLD OF SCIENCE
BEGINS TO ARRIVE...

IT SEEMS
IMPOSSIBLE!

SEEING
IS
BELIEVING!



AM I
LATE,
PROF.?

AH, GENTLEMEN,
IF YOU'LL STEP
THIS WAY TO
THE LAB..



AND NOW, WHEN I TURN
THESE DIALS, YOU'LL
SEE THE IMPOSSIBLE!



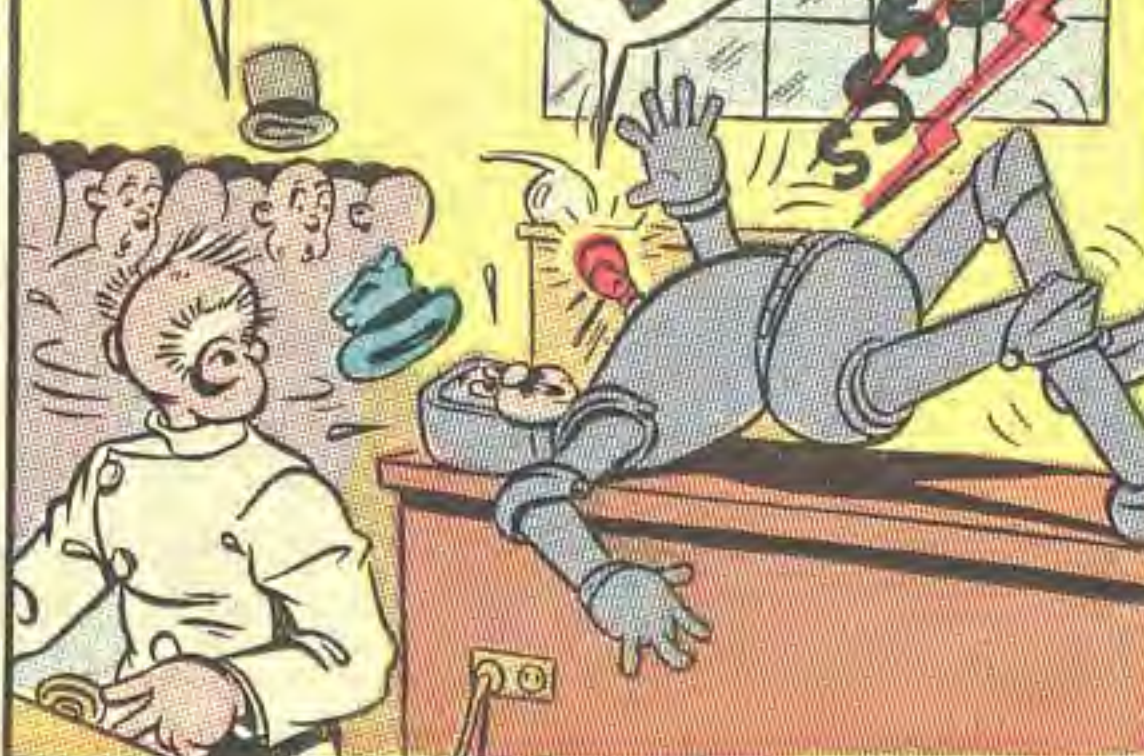
IF I CAN ONLY
MANAGE TO STAY
STILL! THEY'LL
ALL BE DISCOURAGED,
AND GO AWAY!
THEN MAYBE
I CAN GET
OUTTA THIS
SARDINE
CAN!

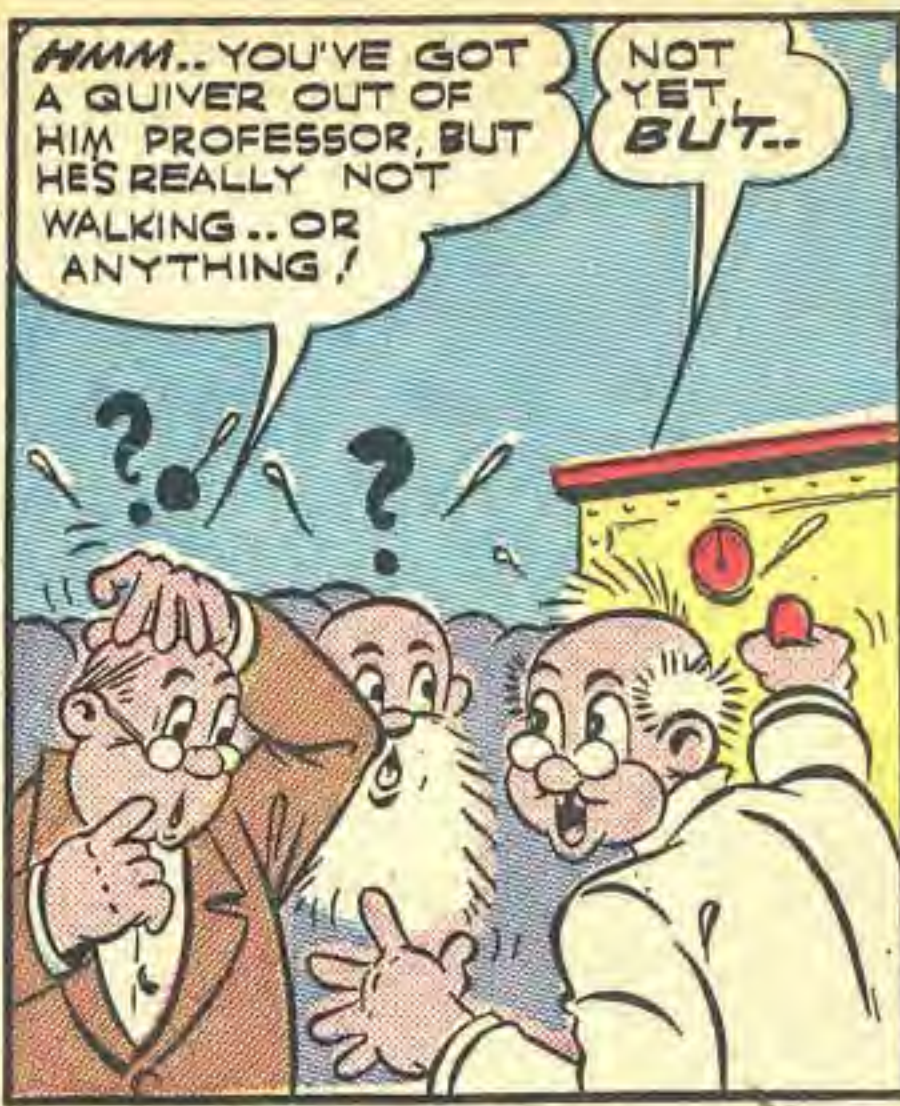


HMM.. THAT'S
FUNNY.. BEFORE
I JUST ABOUT
TURNED THE
DIAL AND IT
MOVED.. MAYBE
IF I GAVE IT..



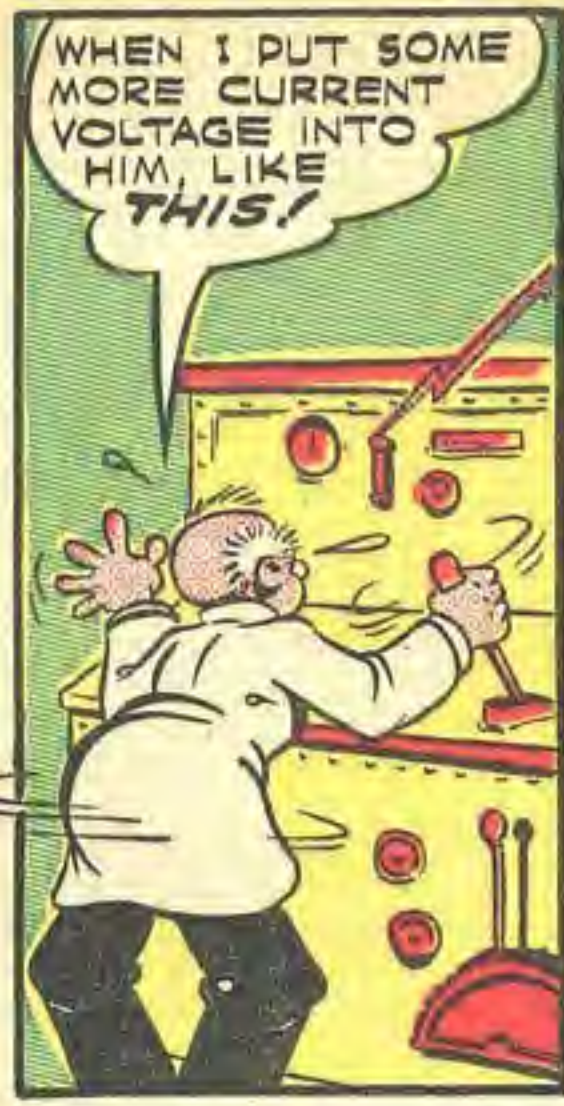
..A LITTLE MORE
CURRENT, LIKE
THIS!



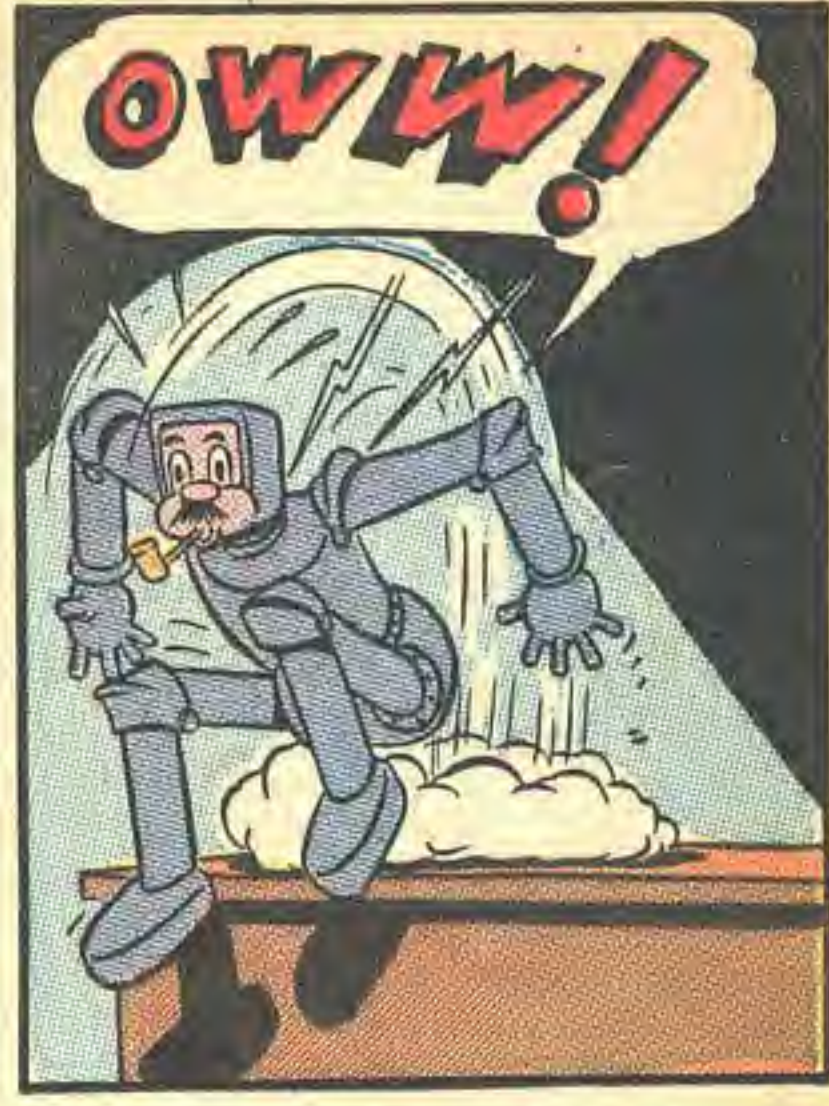


HMM.. YOU'VE GOT A QUIVER OUT OF HIM PROFESSOR, BUT HE'S REALLY NOT WALKING.. OR ANYTHING!

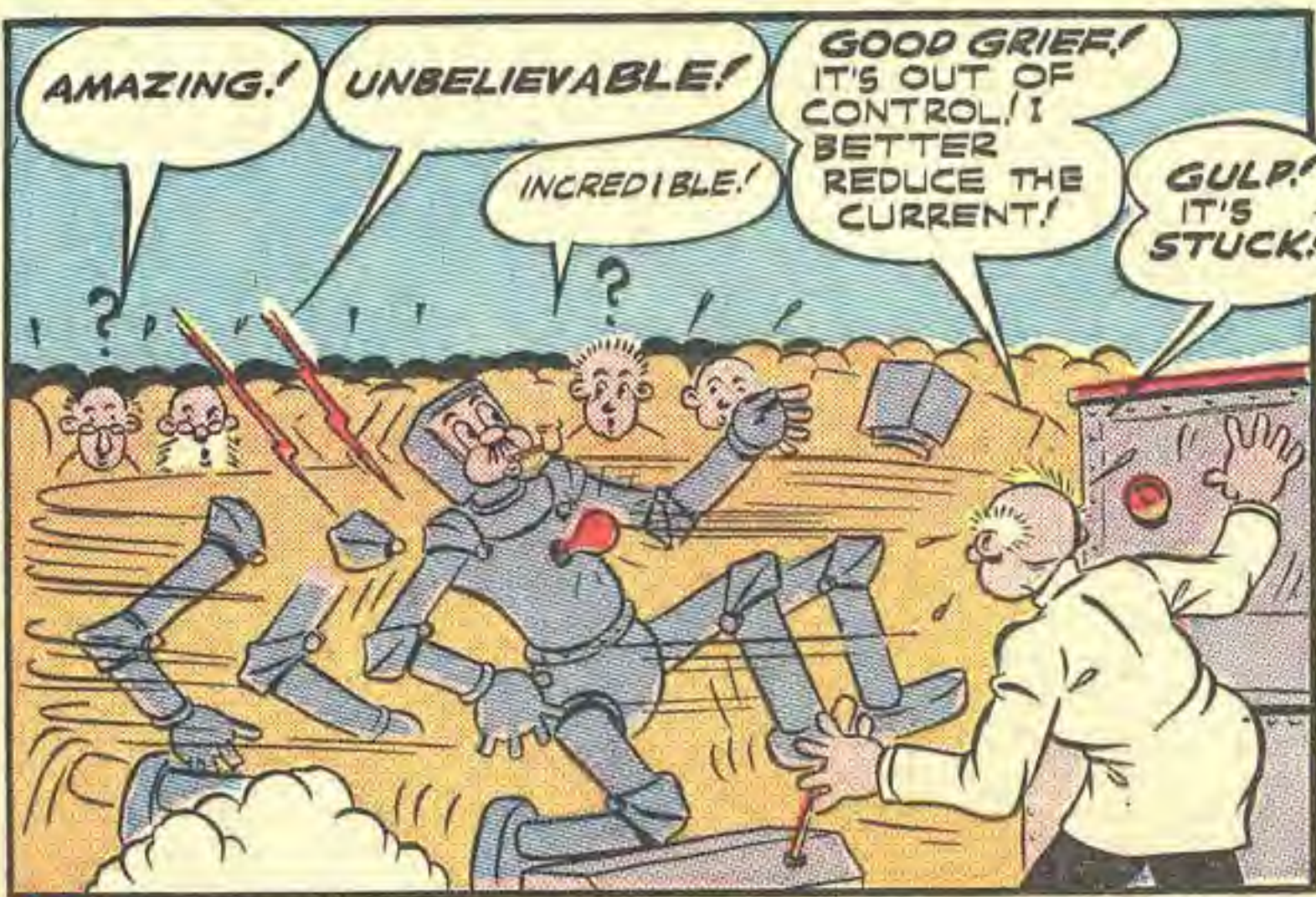
NOT YET, BUT..



WHEN I PUT SOME MORE CURRENT VOLTAGE INTO HIM, LIKE THIS!



OWWW!



AMAZING!

UNBELIEVABLE!

INCREDIBLE!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! I BETTER REDUCE THE CURRENT!

GULP! IT'S STUCK!



AND THEN....

PISHH!



TSK..TSK.. RUINED! A SHAME!

TOO MUCH CURRENT, I GUESS!

(SNIFF)

TWENTY YEARS WORK.. BUT I'LL BUILD ANOTHER ONE, IF IT TAKES ANOTHER TWENTY YEARS!



PETE SENT ME DOWN TO GET YOU GUS! BOY! IS HE GONNA GIVE IT TO YOU!

OOOO.. MAYBE ST. PETE'S BURNED UP, BUT THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO HOW "BURNED UP" I AM!

HEAVENLY EXPRESS

OH, OH.. THINGS DON'T LOOK SO "HOT" FOR GLOOMY GUS! WHAT DOES ST. PETE HAVE IN STORE FOR OUR HOMELESS PAL? YOU'VE GOT A REAL SURPRISE WAITING FOR YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS!

The BLACK HOOD

MAN
of
MYSTERY

and the
MARIONETTE MURDERS



PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND
IS WALKING HIS BEAT..



WHAT'S
THAT?



LEGGO YA BIG
BULLY! YER
HOITIN' ME!

HIT ME WITH
YOUR FOOTBALL,
WILL YOU,
BRAT?

HERE!
BREAK IT
UP, MR.

ARREST THAT
IMP, OFFICER!
HE DELIBERATELY
THREW HIS
FOOTBALL
AT ME!

I DID NOT!
IT WUZ AN
ACCIDENT!

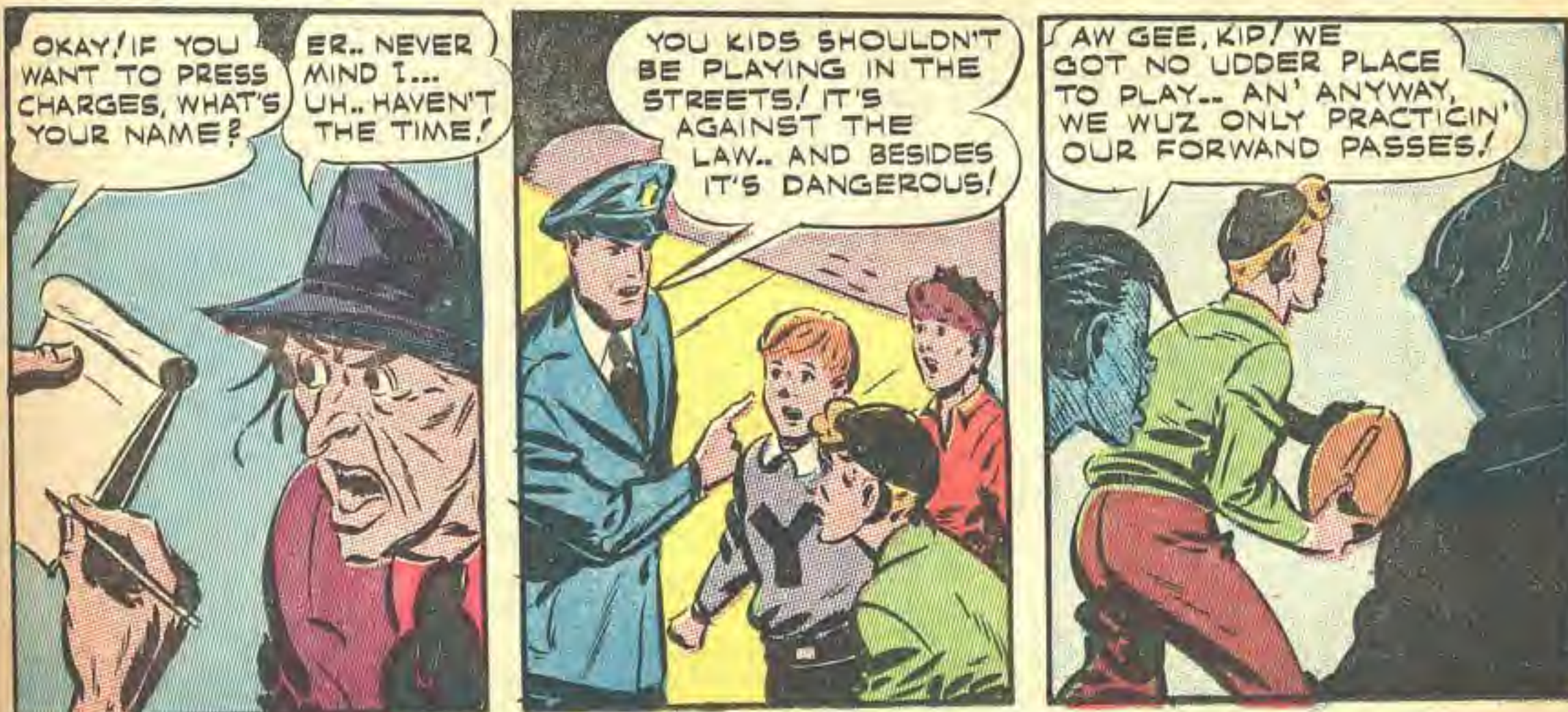


OKAY! IF YOU
WANT TO PRESS
CHARGES, WHAT'S
YOUR NAME?

ER.. NEVER
MIND I...
UH.. HAVEN'T
THE TIME!

YOU KIDS SHOULDN'T
BE PLAYING IN THE
STREETS! IT'S
AGAINST THE
LAW.. AND BESIDES
IT'S DANGEROUS!

AW GEE, KIP! WE
GOT NO UDDER PLACE
TO PLAY.. AN' ANYWAY,
WE WUZ ONLY PRACTICIN'
OUR FORWARD PASSES!

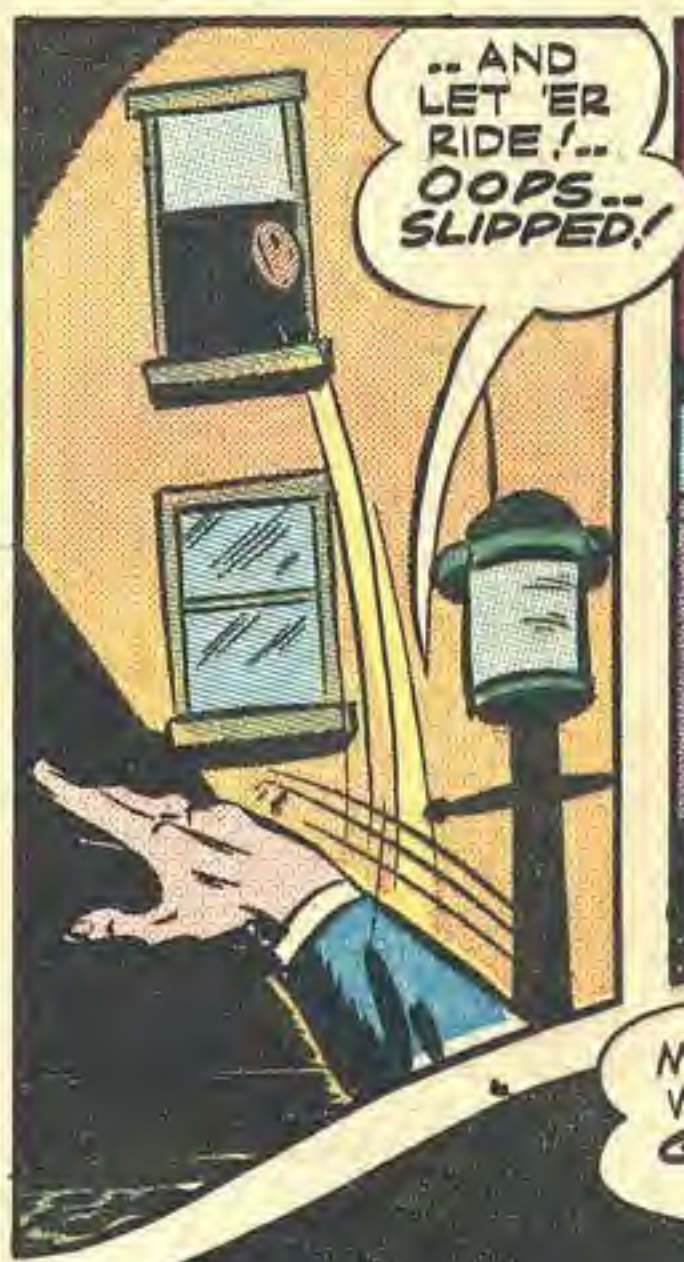




MAYBE, SOMEBODY OUGHT TO SHOW ME HOW TO THROW A FORWARD PASS!

HMMM.. NO ANSWER!

KNOCK
KNOCK



IT'S RUMPTOT LOUIE.. AND HE'S DEAD AS A DOORNAIL!



WHAT'S THAT OVER IN THE CORNER?



A PUPPET! WHAT WAS LOUIE DOING WITH A PUPPET ANYWAY?



LATER AT PRECINCT 71

YER IMAGINING THINGS, I TELL YA, KIP!

BUT IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE, THERE SHOULD BE SUCH AN EPIDEMIC OF "ACCIDENTAL DEATHS" ON MY BEAT RECENTLY, SARGE!



NOW, WHY WOULD ANYBODY WANT TO KILL BROKEN DOWN BUMS, KIP? YOU GOT MURDER ON THE BRAIN!



AN' BESIDES, THERE WUZ A CORONER'S VERDICT ON EVERY ONE O' THEM POOR TRAMPS.. ALCOHOLIC DEATHS, REMEMBER?

PRECINCT 71.. SERGEANT MC. GINTY SPEAKIN'! OH, A CORONER'S REPORT ON LOUIE JUST CAME THROUGH, EH? LET'S HAVE IT!

ALCOHOLIC DEATH! WHAT'D I TELL YA, KIP?



HMM.. MAYBE SO! BUT I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED!



I DON'T CARE
WHAT MCGINTY
OR THE CORONER
SAY. I STILL THINK
THE OWNER OF
THIS PUPPET
HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
LOUIE'S
DEATH!



THERE'S ONLY ONE
PUPPET SHOW IN
TOWN NOW-AT THE
BYON! AND IT'S
WHERE THE **BLACK
HOOD** IS GOING!



AT THAT MOMENT BACK-
STAGE OF THE BYON THEATER,
IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS...

AT LAST MY BEAUTIFUL PUPPETS,
YOU ARE FINISHED!



THE WORLD
IS ABOUT TO SEE
SUCH PUPPETS
AS WERE NEVER
SEEN BEFORE!



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE
THE LOOKS ON THE FACES OF
THOSE STUPID GAPING FOOLS
OUTSIDE WHEN YOU WILL PER-
FORM TO-NIGHT MY PRECIOUS
PUPPETS!



OUR NEXT ACT,
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
BRINGS YOU PAULINO
THE PUPPETEER!



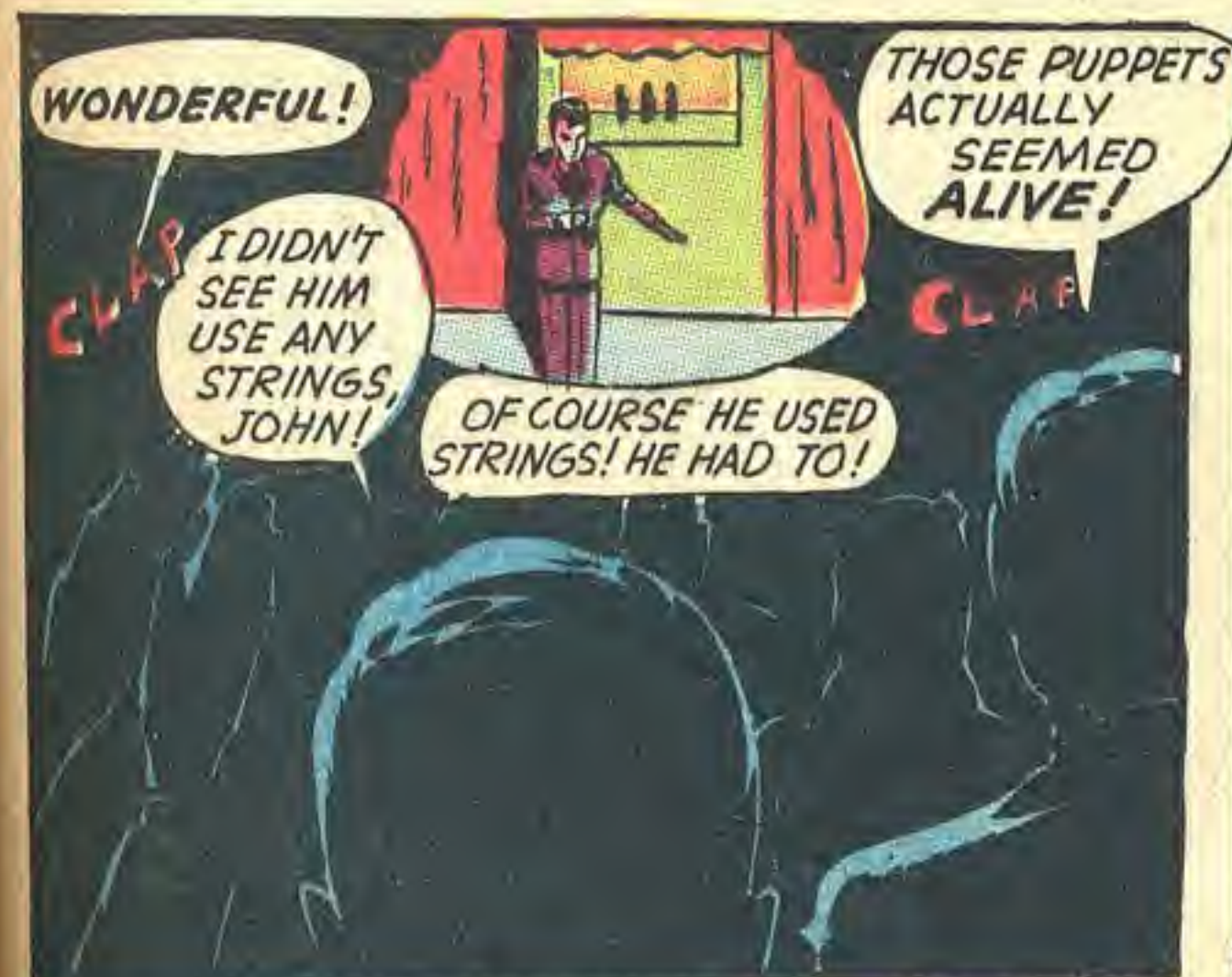
GOOD EVENING,
LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN. ALLOW ME
TO PRESENT, THE
MINX--



THESE
ARE
MISERY
AND MERRY!

NOW THEY
SHALL PER-
FORM FOR
YOU!





IF ONLY THEY KNEW
HOW TRUE THAT
IS! I HAD TO KILL
TO BRING YOU
LIFE! BUT IT WAS
WORTH IT!



SO YOU HAD TO KILL,
EH PAULINO? AND WAS
ONE OF THOSE VICTIMS,
RUMPTOT. LOUIE?



THE
BLACK
HOOD!

YES! AND YOU'RE
GOING TO REPEAT
WHAT YOU JUST
SAID, TO THE POLICE!



IF MY FRIEND,
PATROLMAN BURLAND,
HADN'T SPOTTED YOU
AS THE ONE WHO
CAME OUT OF
LOUIE'S HOUSE
THIS MORNING,
YOU MIGHT
HAVE GOTTEN
AWAY WITH
IT!



AND MY HUNCH
IS THAT YOU'RE
ALSO MIXED
UP WITH THE
DEATHS OF
ALL THOSE OTHER
BUMS IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD!

I MUST DIST-
RACT THE HOOD'S
ATTENTION...
AND ONE OF MY
MARIONETTES
SHALL DO
IT FOR ME!



AND THEN AN INCREDIBLE
THING HAPPENS! MISERY,
THE MARIONETTE, SUDDEN-
LY COMES TO LIFE, AS
THOUGH IMPELLED BY
SOME WEIRD MACHINERY!
PICKS UP A NEARBY PEN...



... CLAMBERS DOWN THE
TABLE-LEG, UNSEEN BY
THE BLACK HOOD...



... MAKES ITS
WAY TOWARDS
THE HOOD'S
LEG-AND
JABS!





THE MOMENT'S DISTRACTION IS ALL THE CRAFTY PAULINO NEEDS!

PAULINO DRAGS THE UN-CONSCIOUS HOOD INTO THE THEATRE CELLAR...



AH.. YOU HAVE JUST COME TO, IN TIME, BLACK HOOD!

YES! IT WAS I WHO KILLED THOSE TRAMPS! AND HERE'S WHY! I NEEDED BLOOD! HUMAN BLOOD TO CREATE THE MOST MARVELOUS MARIONETTES OF ALL TIME!



GAZE AT THIS ONE, HOOD. THE MINX IS AS MUCH ALIVE AS YOU OR I. MADE OF HUMAN FLESH, BLOOD AND BONES! ALL SHE LACKS IS A SOUL AND A BRAIN! I SUPPLY THE BRAIN! YOU SAW HOW MISERY RESPONDED TO MY MENTAL COMMAND BEFORE!



AND NOW, YOU CAN CARRY MY SECRET TO YOUR GRAVE! AU REVOIR, HOOD!



EVERY CROOK MAKES ONE BIG MISTAKE, PAULINO! THIS IS YOURS!

THUMP

THE CRAZED PUPPETEER CRASHES INTO A KEROSENE LAMP... OVERTURNS IT, AND...





I CHOOSE DEATH!

By Robert C. Blackman

THE luminous hands of the bedroom clock pointed to 2:30 o'clock, but Walter Embern, seventy-year-old retired chemist, was still wide awake after sixteen hours of hard work in his laboratory.

Those sixteen hours had been spent in making the final tests of XO, the new rubber-like plastic which he would soon offer gratis to the United States Government. The plastic had all of the properties of rubber and could be produced quickly and cheaply from readily available and non-critical materials. XO in the hands of any nation would make it entirely independent of outside rubber sources. The complete formula and several test samples of XO were in the den wall-safe downstairs.

Having accomplished that much, Walter Embern should have been happy, but he was not. His bedroom door was open to hear the sounds made by his grandson when he entered the house. Gary Embern was out again tonight, and he would again come home drunk and penniless, as he had many times before.

Gary's father, Embern's son, had been a good man and a brilliant chemist. He had served as a chemist during the first World War, with Embern. He had wanted Gary to become a chemist, but the boy was not interested. He wanted only to have a good time. After his father's death, Gary had come to live with Embern. He had gambled away the insurance left him by his father and Embern had been giving him money for a year.

Embern sighed deeply in the darkness.

He had done all he could for Gary. The boy's promises to do better were no good. Gary needed something to shock him, wake him up and arouse his pride. Gary was like a chemical

mixture which needed a catalyst to produce a change.

Embern's lips became tighter.

The catalyst would be added tonight. He was going to be very firm with Gary tonight. The boy was going to have the choice of turning over an entirely new leaf tonight, or he was going to leave the Embern house for good, and without a penny.

Mentally, Embern arranged the words which he would use when he talked to Gary.

Minutes passed, then something scratched against the glass of a den window downstairs with a brittle, tearing sound. The sound wasn't loud, but it reached him clearly because of the open bedroom door.

Embern swung his thin legs over the edge of the bed and found his slippers. He moved through the darkness to the bureau.

A bureau drawer opened without a sound and he found the cold steel of an old fashioned nicked .38 caliber revolver.

He reached the top of the stairway and saw the flicker of light coming from the open den door. The light came from a flashlight. He heard a man's hoarse voice, whispering.

"There is the wall safe, Carl. Get busy and open it."

Another voice answered harshly.

"I can open it easily. If the boy told the truth—"

"He told the truth," the first man broke in irritably. "I got him drunk and he talked freely. He said his grandfather was a chemist in the last war. He told me about this plastic. He said his grandfather would complete tests tonight and would put the formula and the samples of the plastic in the wall-safe. The laboratory wing of the house is dark, so the old man must have finished and put the things in the safe. If we—"

"We chatter like old women, Herman," Carl broke in harshly. "Hold the light and keep your gun ready. I shall open the safe."

Embern's gaunt body became very erect. His gray eyes blazed. His right hand tightened about the butt of the old revolver. He was seventy years old and there were two men, armed, downstairs, but he did not hesitate. He moved down the carpeted stairs toward the first floor hallway. His mind was spinning.

The two men in the den were, of course, enemy agents. They were after the XO formula and samples. They would fight, but he had to stop them.

Deliberately, Embern lifted the old revolver. His thin right fore-finger tightened on the trigger. For a moment, he felt a twinge of conscience over shooting without warning. But there had been no warning at Pearl Harbor. This was war.

Embern licked at his lips.

It was war, but—

He shifted his weight uncomfortably, and the stairway creaked.

Carl and Herman spun from the safe, Carl clawing at his coat pocket. The two flashlights sought Embern. He brought the gunsights into line with Carl's broad chest and squeezed the trigger. The old gun blasted deafeningly. The sting of powder clotted his nostrils. He saw Carl drop to the den floor.

He stood motionless, calmly, and emptied the .38 revolver.

Herman stumbled, went to his knees on the hallway floor, fell on his side. By the glow of the flashlight still burning in the den, Embern could see that he was still alive, gripping at a shattered right shoulder with his left hand. The fingers were bloody and there was blood on Herman's face. His lips were peeled back from his teeth in a soundless snarl and his blue eyes were burning with hate.

Embern stood very still, the

empty and smoking .38 revolver in his right hand.

A car door slammed in front of the house. Unsteady footsteps came up on the porch. A key rattled in the lock and the front door swung open. Gary came into the front hallway, fumbled for and found the light switch.

The light flicked on and Emborn could see his grandson's young, flushed face, his bloodshot eyes. Gary Emborn stood just inside the front door, his stocky body swaying drunkenly. His dark blue suit was wrinkled and his hat was gone, his tie awry. His full red lips jerked and his curly brown hair glistened in the glow of the overhead light. He blinked owlishly at his grandfather on the stairway, the wounded man on the hallway floor.

"Hey!" His voice was thick and halting. "What—Who—"

"The man on the floor is an enemy agent, Gary." Emborn spoke rapidly. His thin legs were shaking. He still held the nickleled gun, empty now. "There is another enemy agent in the den, dead. I shot them. They were after XO. They got you drunk, Gary, and you told them about XO. You betrayed—But we'll talk about that later." Emborn's lips tightened. "Get to the telephone now and call the Sheriff and—"

"Wait, Gary!" Herman, on the hall floor, spoke harshly. "Don't listen to the old fool, Gary. Don't use that telephone! Help me, and you'll get a million dollars in cash, Gary! You can buy anything you want, go anywhere you like, do whatever you want."

"My gun is in the urn. It has one bullet in it. The old

man has an empty gun. He can't shoot. He's going to die sometime, anyway. You'll get a million dollars and whatever the old fool leaves."

Gary's drunkenness seemed to leave him. His stocky body stopped swaying. His bloodshot eyes became brighter, harder. His full lips tightened.

"A million bucks, and more!"

He said that slowly, almost reverently, and moved toward the concrete urn beside the open den doorway. The blued steel of Herman's dropped weapon winked in the light. Gary's hand reached for the pistol butt thrusting up from the damp earth of the urn.

"Gary!" Emborn's voice was hoarse. "You don't realize what you're doing! You—"

"A million dollars!"

Gary repeated the words slowly and drew the Luger pistol from the damp earth of the urn. He turned toward his grandfather on the stairway and grinned mirthlessly.

"You'd give me a few lousy bucks for spending money when you had plenty, would you? You'd raise hell every time I stayed out late and had a good time, eh? You'd always lecture me about being a good man and all that hooey, eh? Always preaching at me. Always telling me not to do this, not to—"

"Remember your father, Gary." Emborn said that slowly. "I don't count now. Remember your father and your country, Gary. You are making a choice, a terrible choice."

His eyes fastened upon the muzzle of the Luger pistol which Gary had taken from the urn. Damp earth was packed tightly in the barrel of the weapon, flush with the muzzle.

"Once you pull the trigger of that wepon, Gary, you cannot retract your choice." Emborn's eyes were steely. "You will have but the one choice. It will be your last choice, Gary. Before you make that choice, Gary—"

"Nuts! I choose *this*!"

Gary's lips flattened against his teeth. His eyes filled with the hard harsh light. He aimed the Luger pistol and pulled the trigger.

Abruptly, a terrific explosion rocked the hallway, the whole house. Bright flame and smoke blinded Emborn for a moment. Bits of hot steel clipped through his pajamas, sliced through his flesh. He felt blood on his skin, but realized that none of his wounds were dangerous. He heard Herman scream once, shrilly. Then the flame and the deafening noise were gone. Acrid smoke floated in the hallway above a bloody shambles.

Herman, the tall enemy agent, was dead. His narrow skull had been laid open by a flying steel fragment.

Gary was lying on the hallway rug, dead, half of his head blown away. Blood soaked into the torn rug beneath him. His right hand was gone, the arm ending in a ragged and bleeding stump. There was no sign of the Luger pistol which he had been holding. The explosion caused by the plugged pistol barrel had demolished the weapon in a terrific blast, as Walter Emborn had known it would.

The old chemist sighed deeply. Slowly, he went down the stairway toward the telephone of the den. His aged gray eyes held pain, but his lips were firm, his step steady.

Gary had chosen—Death.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1908 OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, published monthly except January and June at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1908, embodied in section 527, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Editor, Harry Wharton, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M.L.J. Magazines (Partnership), 160 West Broadway,

New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Cohn, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.
MAYRICE COVNE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

STUPIDMAN

and the 3 MONKEY-TEERS

WITH FRANKIE & JOHNNIE AND THE WITCH

BY
ED GOGGIN



WE FIND STUPIDMAN IN HIS STUPIDMAN LABORATORY



QUIET, MONKEYTERS, I AM WORKING ON A FORMULA I WILL CALL "WAR BOND STEW"

KNOCK
KNOCK



THE WITCH
HEY, YOU SHOULD BE HOME -- YOU'RE A WIFE! AND WHY THE OUTFIT?

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A CAREER WOMAN AND NOW I WANT TO HELP YOU!



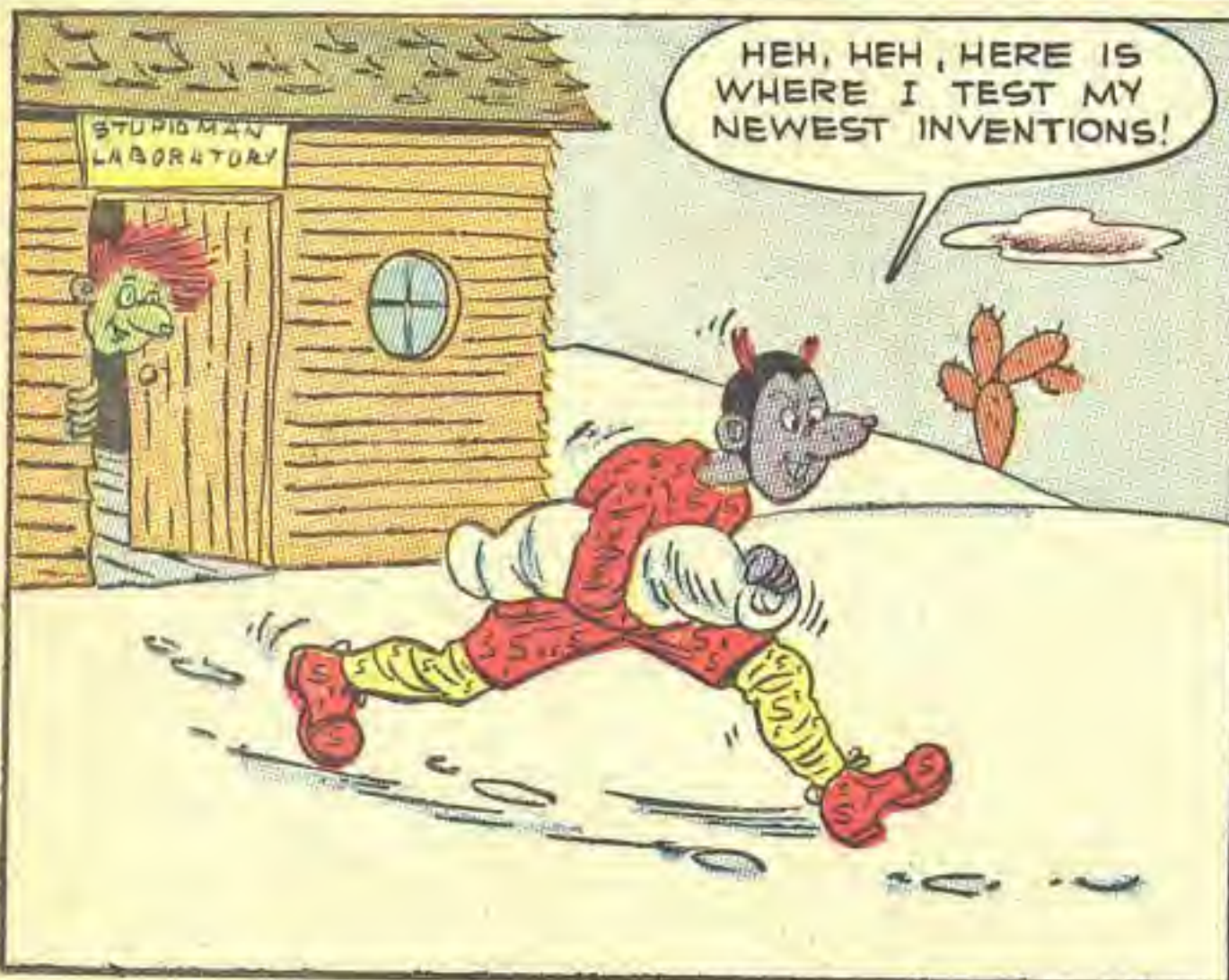
GO AWAY, SWEATER GIRL, I'M BUSY!

OH, STOP LOOKING IMPORTANT -- YOU'RE JUST AN OLD PHONEY AND YOU DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT WAR WORK!



IS THAT SO? WELL, LET'S PLAY WAR GAMES, WISE GUY!

OH, GRACIOUS ME, LET'S!



HEH, HEH, HERE IS WHERE I TEST MY NEWEST INVENTIONS!



TSK, TSK, THESE MEN, THEY LOVE TO FEEL SO IMPORTANT! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM!





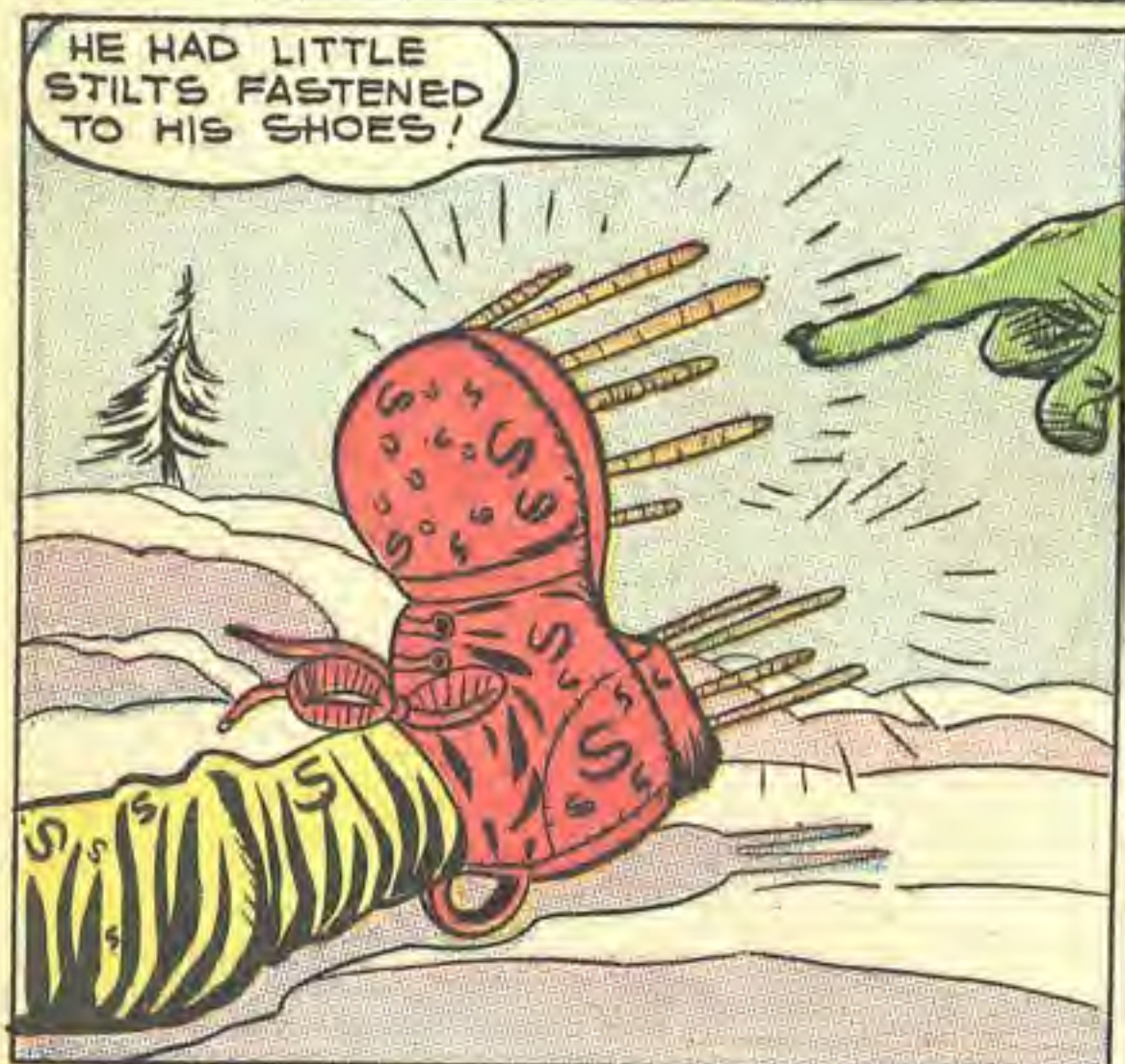
IT'S STUPIDMAN! HOW DID YOU FIND HIM IN THE SNOW?

I WAITED FOR THE SUN TO SHINE AND SAW HIS SHADOW!



BUT HOW COME HE DIDN'T MAKE ANY TRACKS?

THAT'S EASY!



HE HAD LITTLE STILTS FASTENED TO HIS SHOES!



THINK YOU'RE SMART DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING--

BANG
POW SOK
BIFF

OH OH



MY FRIEND--FOOEY! I'LL CHANGE YOUR FACE TOO!

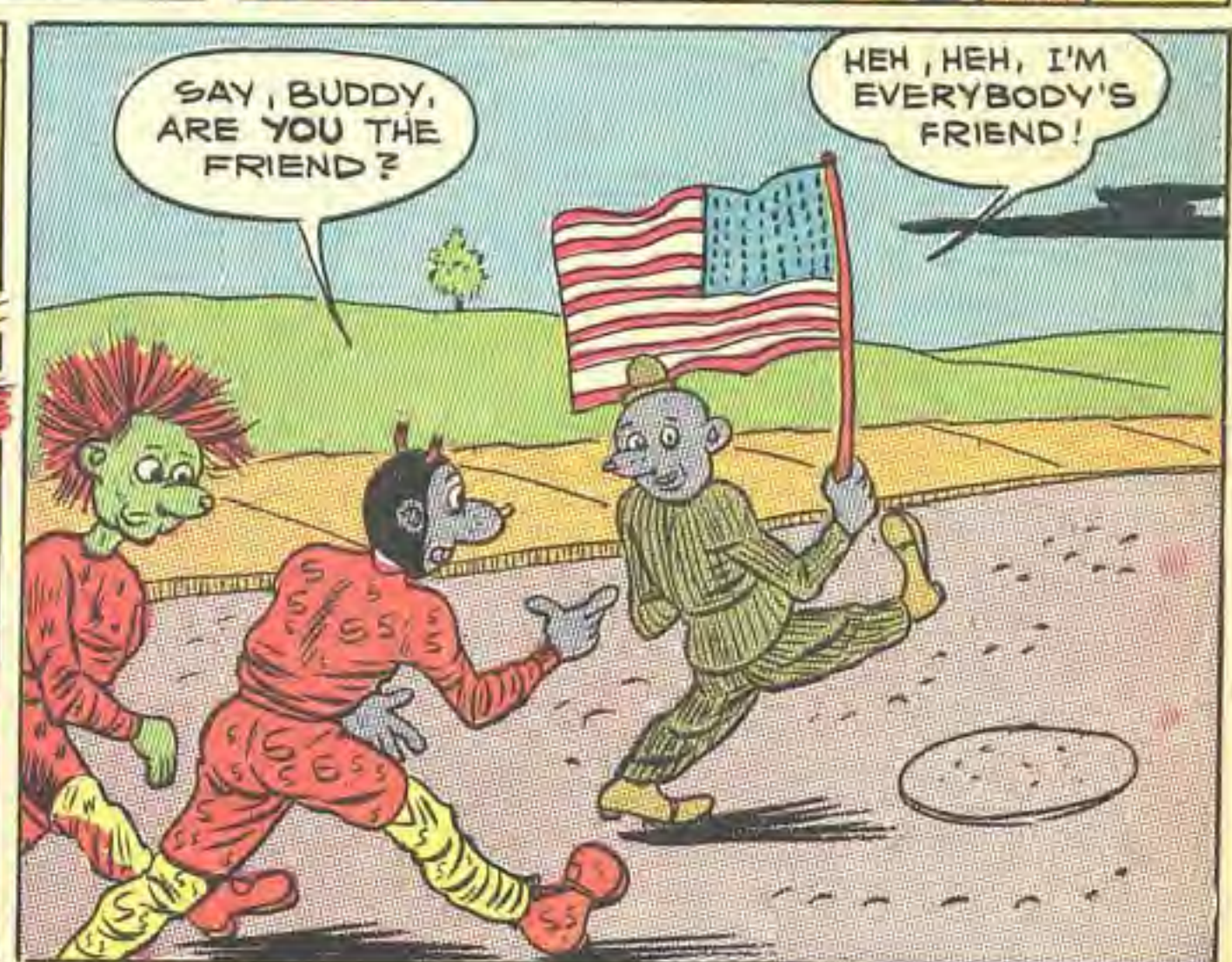
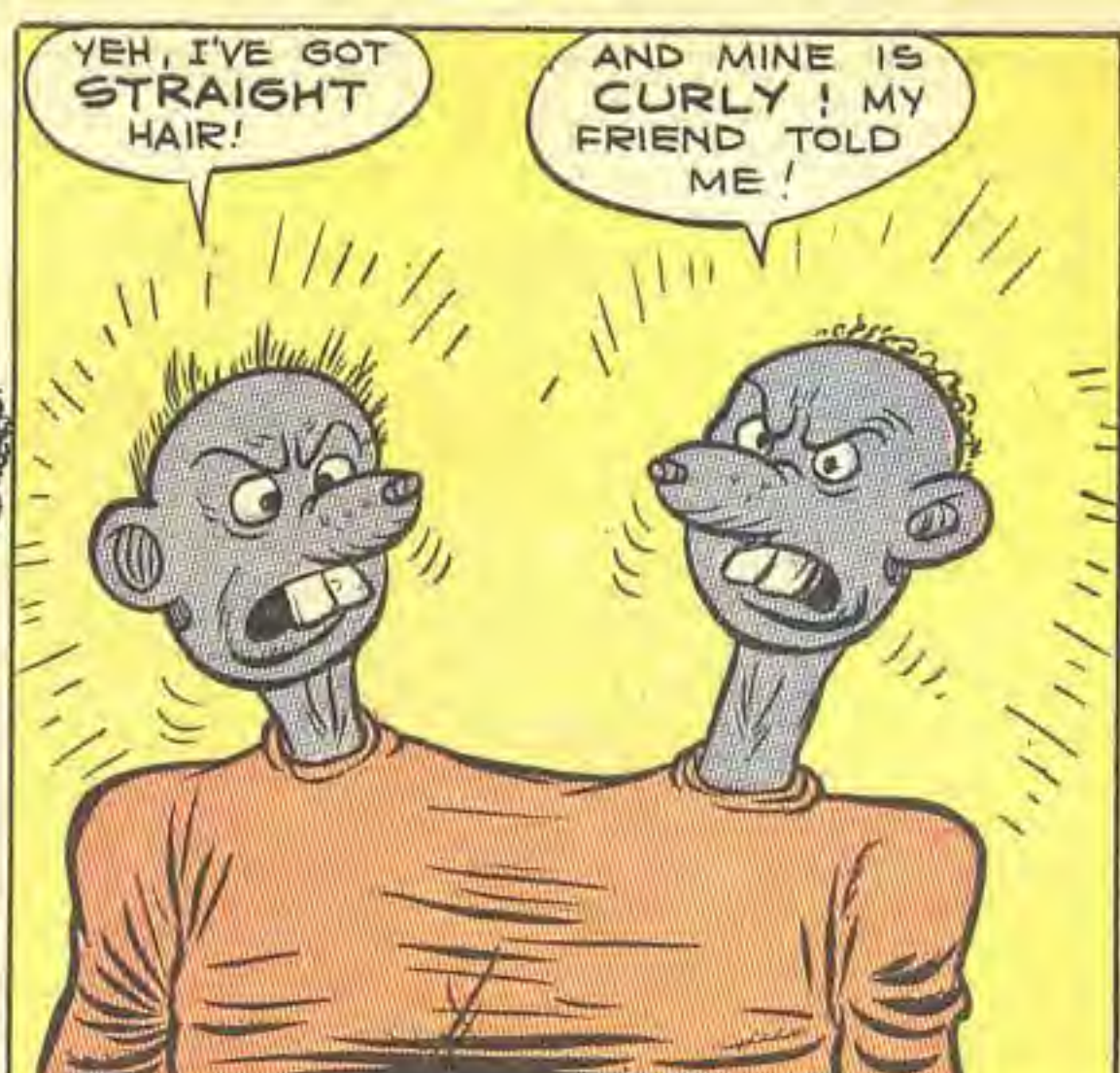
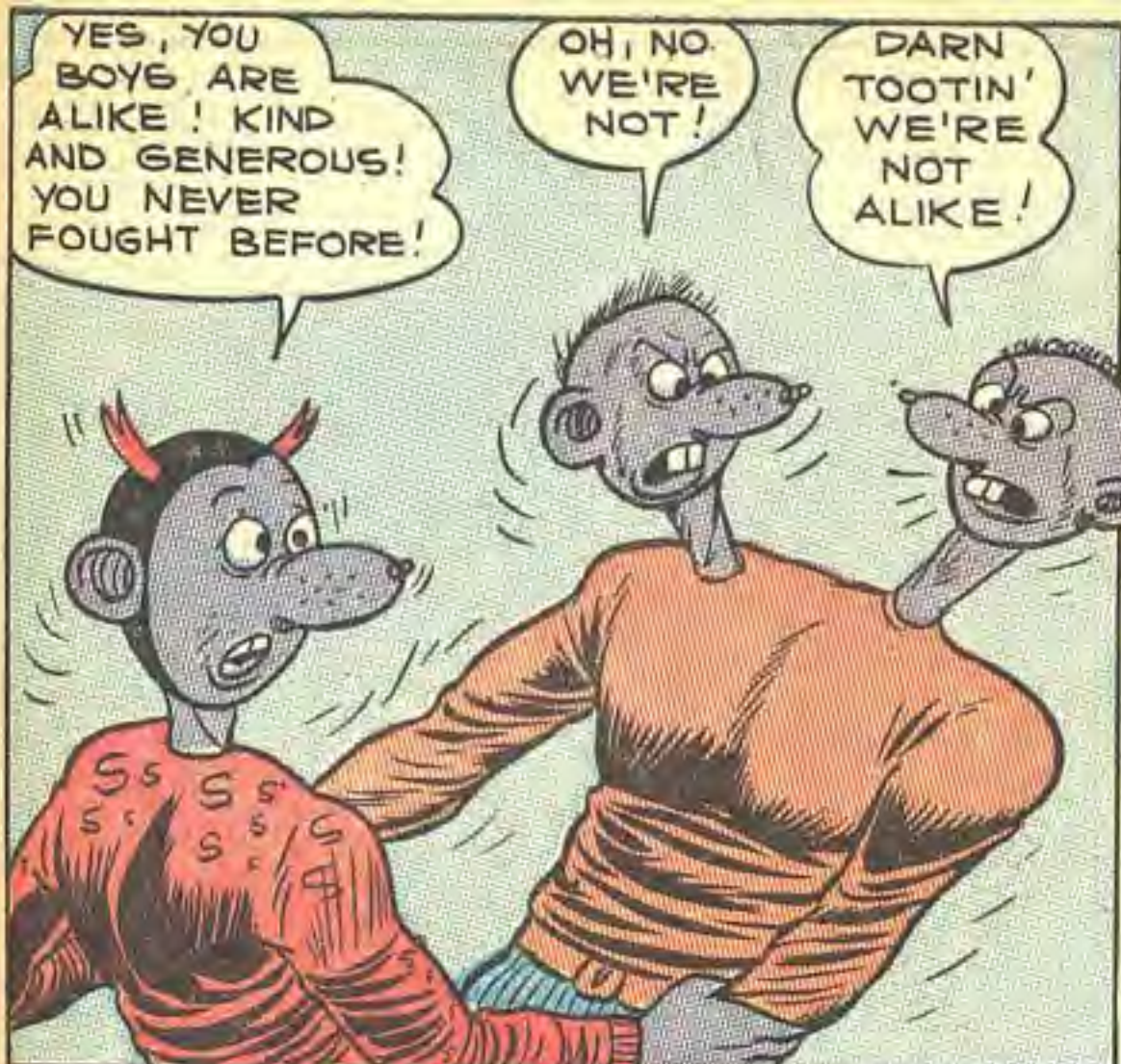
OKAY, WISE GUY, START RIGHT NOW!



BOYS, BOYS, YOU NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE--WHAT IS WRONG?

I THOUGHT WE WERE ALIKE!

OH, MY DEAR HUSBANDS, WHAT IS WRONG? WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK?





THAT'S RIGHT BOYS,
AND WAR BONDS,
TOO ...

FOLLOW THE
3 MONKEY-TEERS
and the
ONE AND ONLY
STUPIDMAN
in
TOP NOTCH
LAUGH COMICS

BEST LETTER
SENT IN THIS
MONTH TO
STUPIDMAN
IS FROM
JOHNNIE VOLI
251 OGDEN AVE.
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

^{the} **BLACK HOOD WANTS YOU**



TO SAVE SCRAP PAPER

HERE'S A WAY YOU CAN MAKE MONEY AND SERVE YOUR COUNTRY AT THE SAME TIME!! SAVE EVERY BIT OF PAPER YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON. OLD NEWSPAPERS, PAPER BAGS, CARDBOARD BOXES, ANYTHING AT ALL THAT'S PAPER. WHEN YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH, GET IN TOUCH WITH A SALVAGE DEPOT IN YOUR TOWN. IT MIGHT BE YOUR BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, OR THE LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL, OR THE RED CROSS, OR EVEN THE LOCAL POLICE STATION. EVERY CITY, TOWN, OR VILLAGE HAS A SALVAGE STATION. THEY'LL BUY YOUR SCRAP PAPER, AND PAY YOU GOOD MONEY FOR IT!

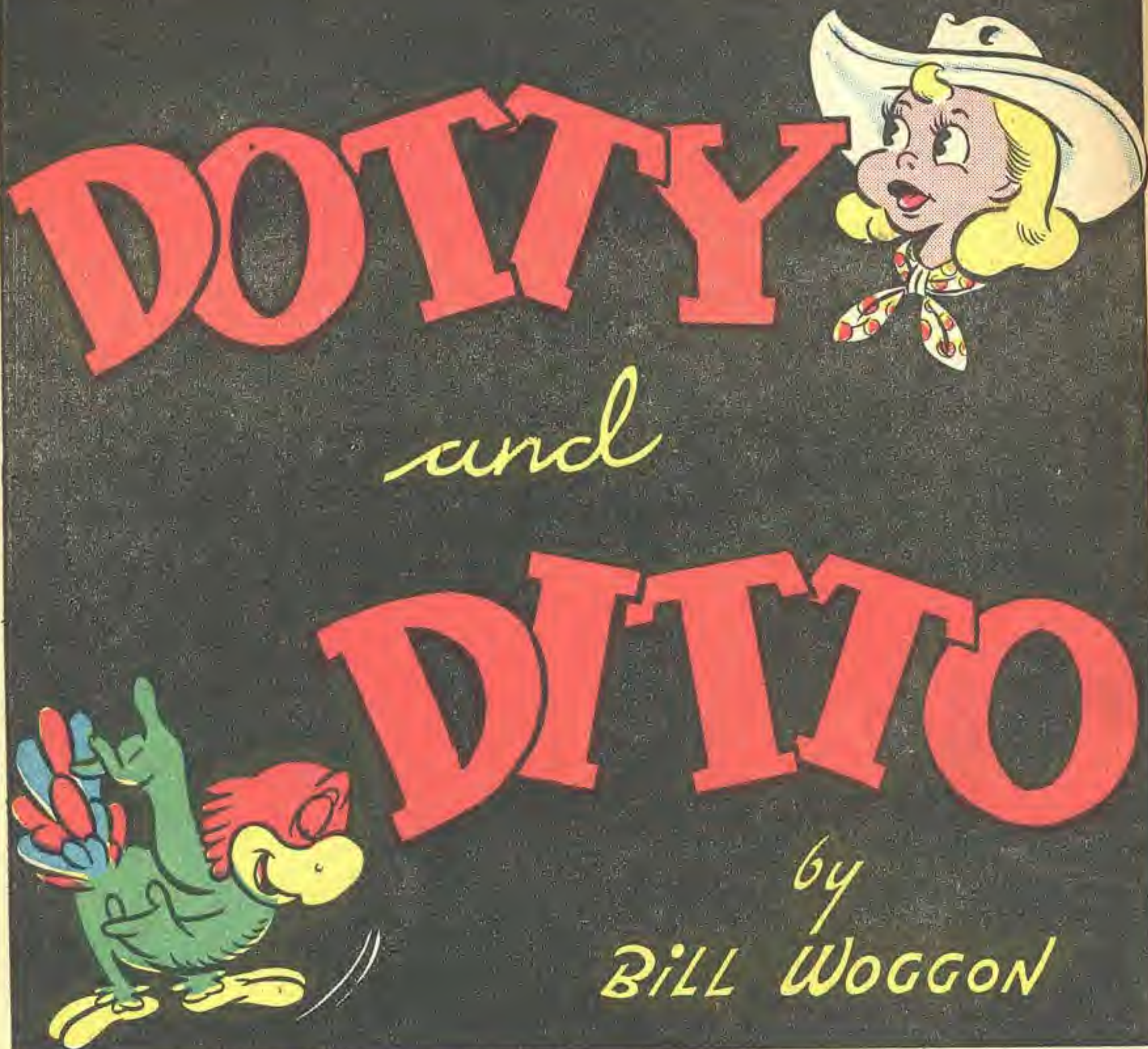
START RIGHT NOW THIS VERY MINUTE!

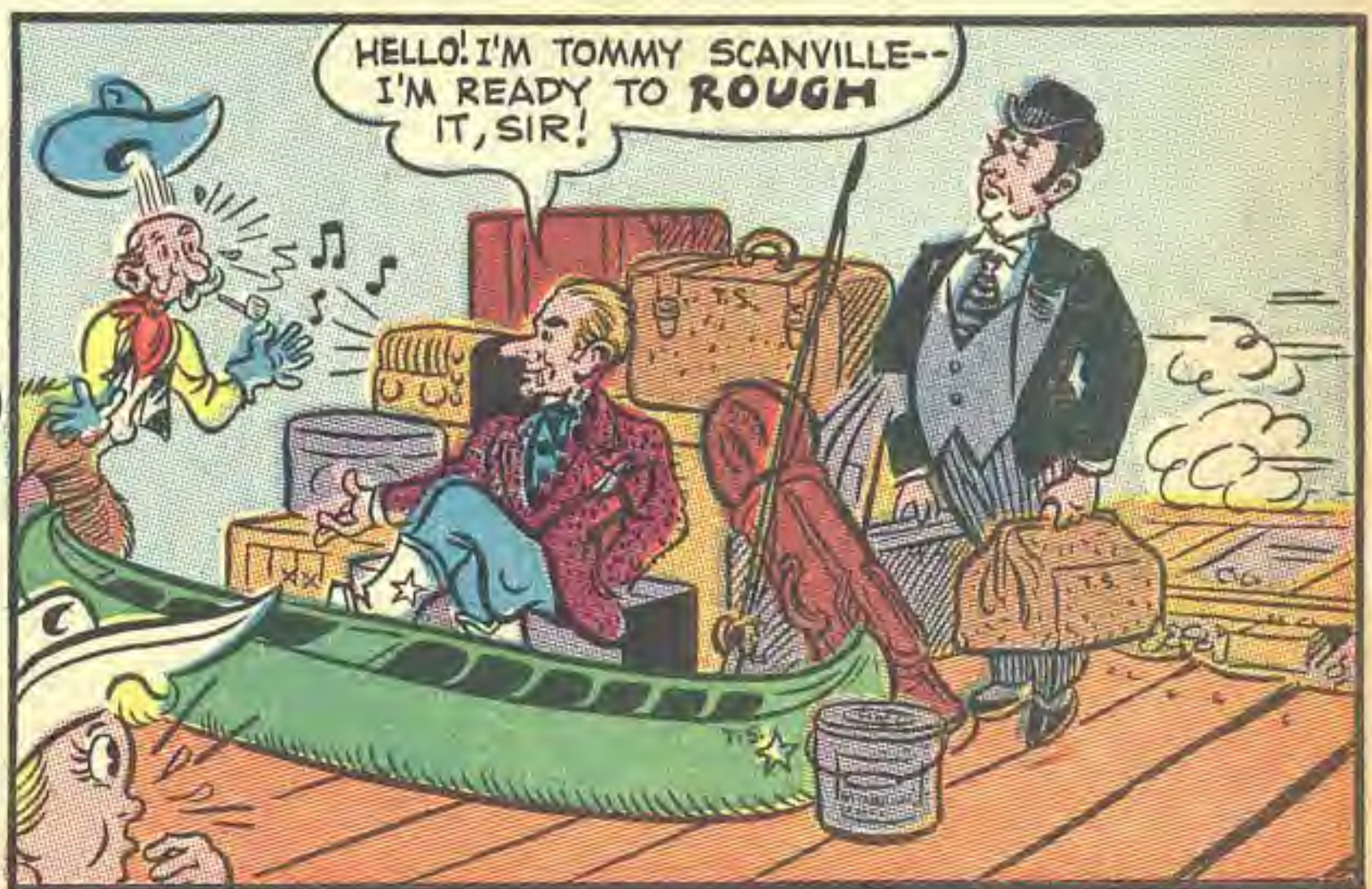
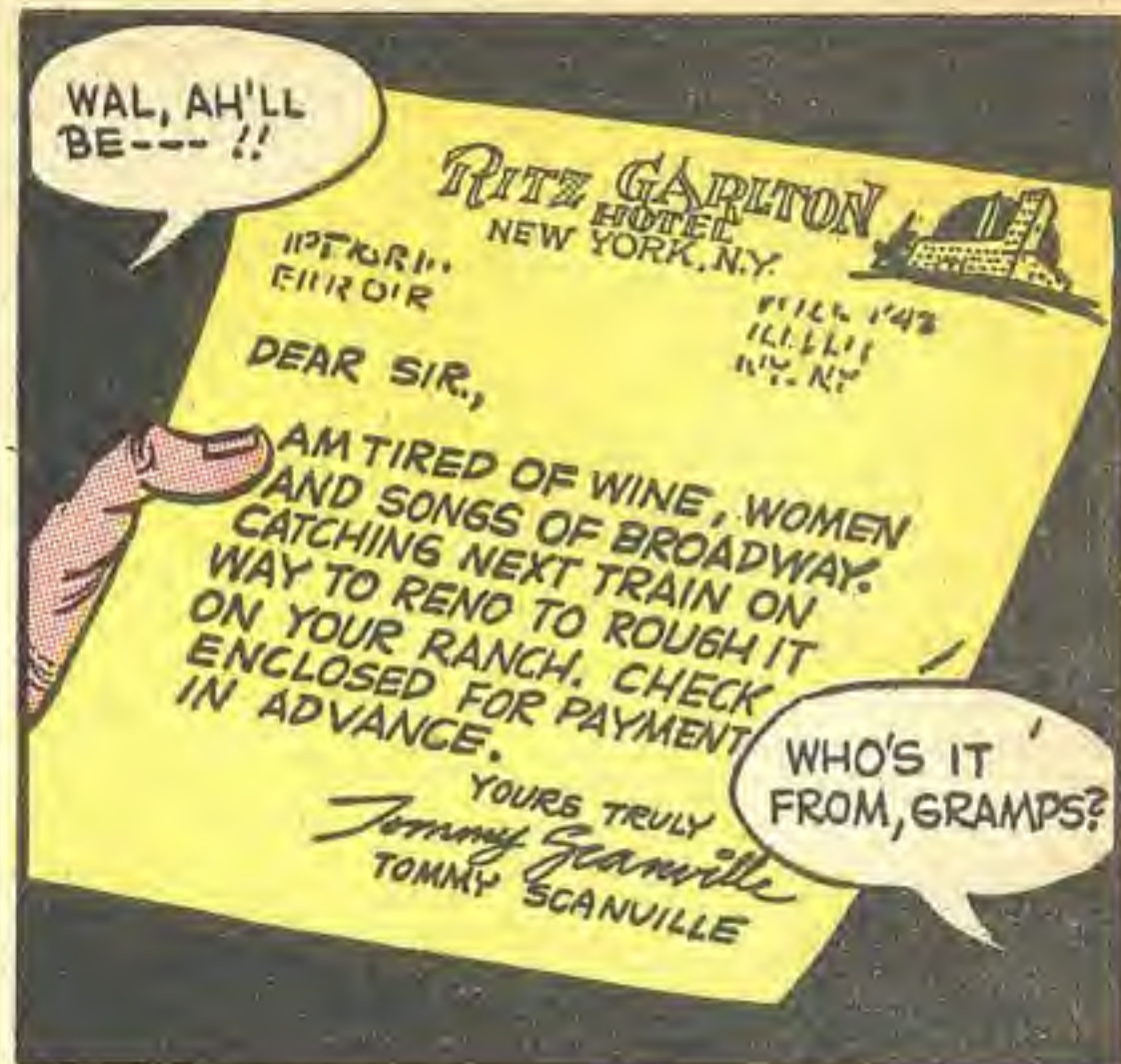
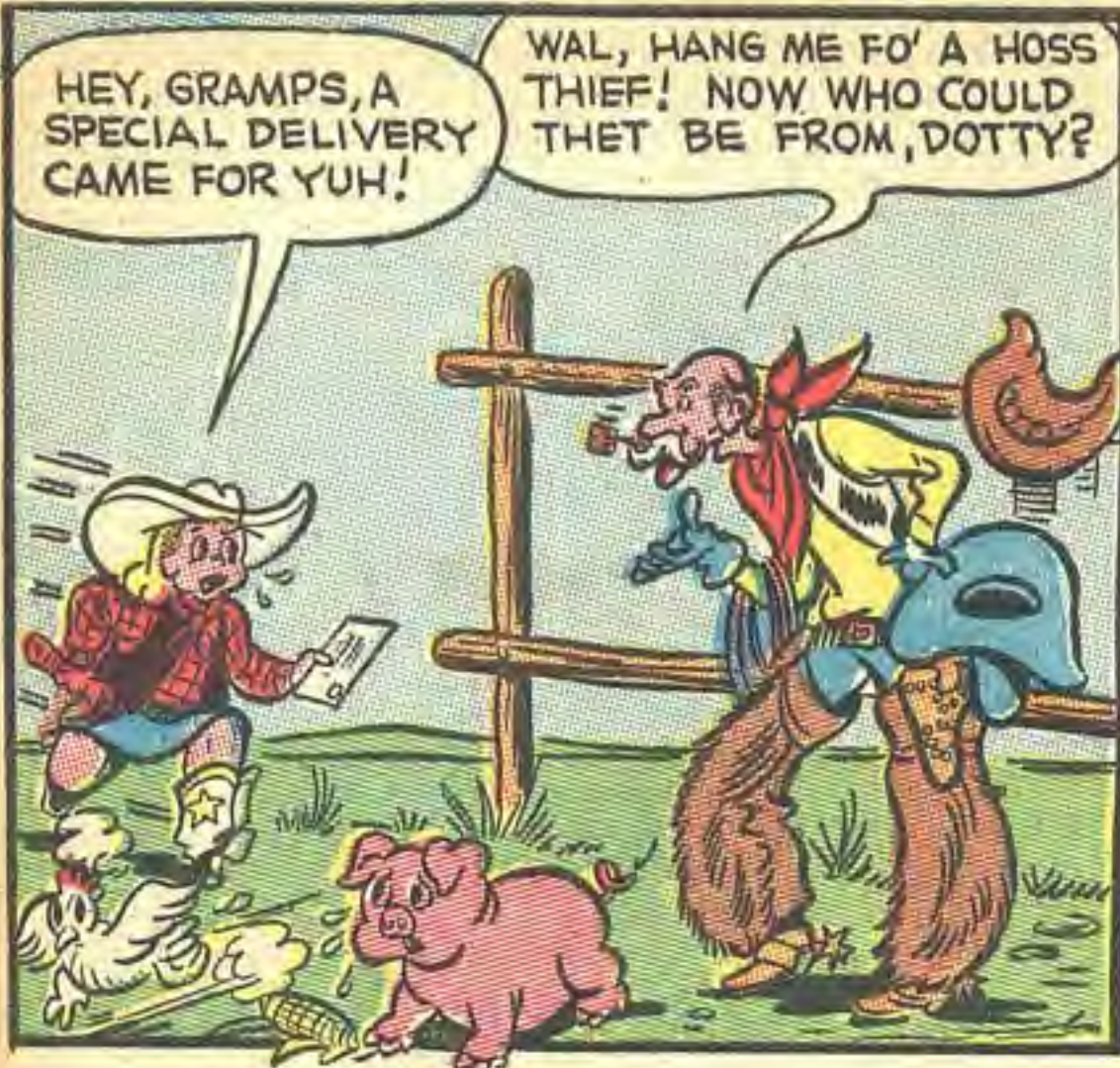
DOTTY

and

DITTO

by
Bill Woggon



YER WELCOME TO
OUR RANCH, MISTUH
SCANVILLE--IF THAR'S
ANYTHING YUH WANTS
JES' ASK FOR IT!

AFTER THAT HOT
TRAIN RIDE I COULD
USE A **SHOWER!**

SHOWER?

YES! DON'T YOU HAVE A
BATH WITH **RUNNING
WATER?** -- WHAT KIND
OF A RANCH IS THIS?

C'MON, PODNUH!
AH'LL SHOW YUH
WHERE WE TAKE
A BATH-- LOTTA
RUNNING WATER
TOO!!

BUT-- WHERE ARE
WE GOING--THERE'S
NO BATH ROOM
OUT HERE!

HERE'S WHUT
WE USE ON
SATURDAY
NIGHT, PODNUH!

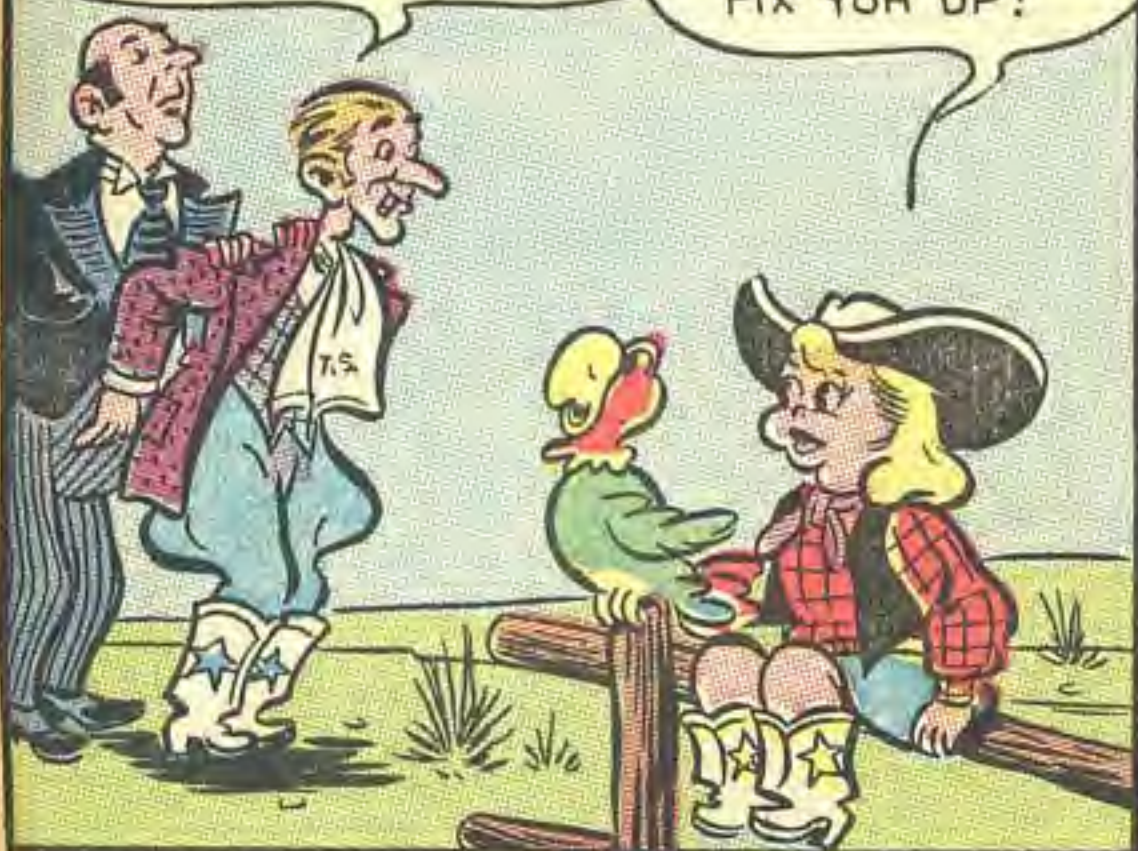
**DITTO,
PODNUH!**

BY GEORGE! THIS
IS THE BEST
SHOWER I
EVER HAD!

MORE BAWTH
SALTS, SIR?

AH-H! NOW I'M READY
FOR A BRISK CANTER,
ON A LONELY TRAIL!

IF YUH MEAN A
HOSS BACK RIDE,
PODNUH, AH'LL
FIX YUH UP!



AH'LL HAVE ONE OF TH'
COWBOYS SADDLE YUH
ONE PRONTO!

DITTO,
PODNUH!

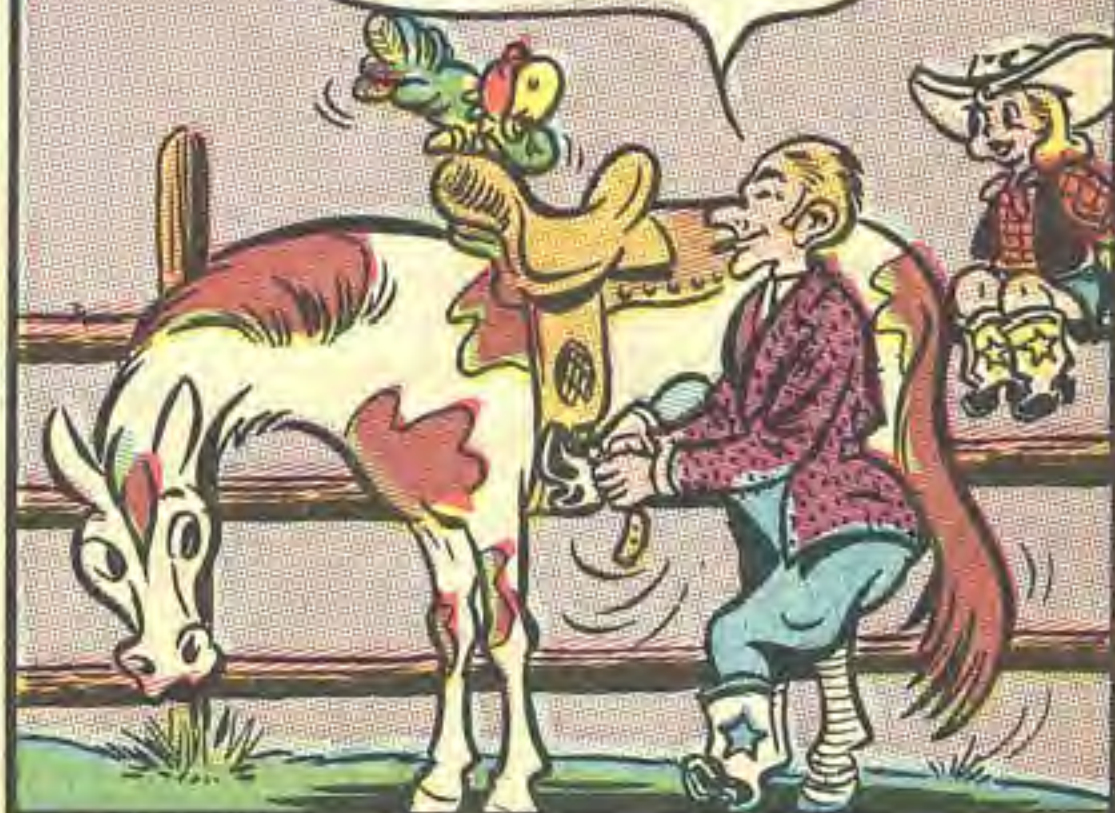


NO! I WON'T THINK OF IT!
I'LL SADDLE MY OWN!--
REMEMBER I'M **ROUGHING**
IT HERE!!!

OKAY,
PODNUH!



NOW--LET'S SEE--
I JUST THROW THE
SADDLE ON LIKE THIS
--AN STRAP IT HERE!



NOW! ALL SET--C'MON!
GIDDAP!---- WELL! I
GUESS I NEED A
WHIP TO MAKE
HIM GO, DOTTY!

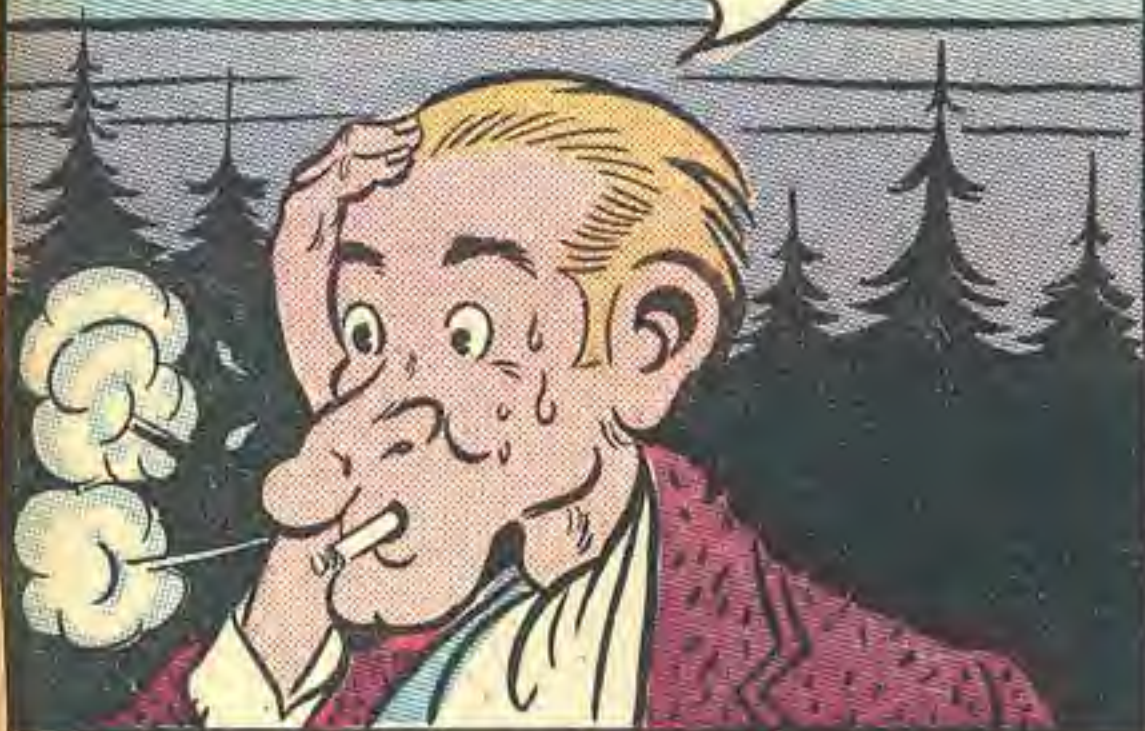


NOPE! YUH'LL NEED
A **SAW** PODNUH!
YUH STRAPPED HIM
TO TH' POST!





IT'S GETTING DARK, TOO
--I'LL STARVE OUT HERE--
--WHAT'LL I DO? (PUFF)
(PUFF) ONLY A PACK OF
CIGARETTES TO MY NAME!!



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE
RANCH---

GOSH, GRAMPS, MISTER
SCANVILLE ISN'T
BACK YET AND
IT'S GETTIN'
DARK!



WAL, WE WON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM, DOTTY--IT WON'T
HURT HIM TO SLEEP OUT
TONIGHT--HE WANTS TO
ROUGH IT!



YEAH--BUT HE HEADED FOR TH'
WOODS WHERE THAT BIG GRIZZLY
BEAR WAS LAST SEEN!-----
AH BETTER GO LOOK
FOR HIM!

**DITTO
PODNUH!**



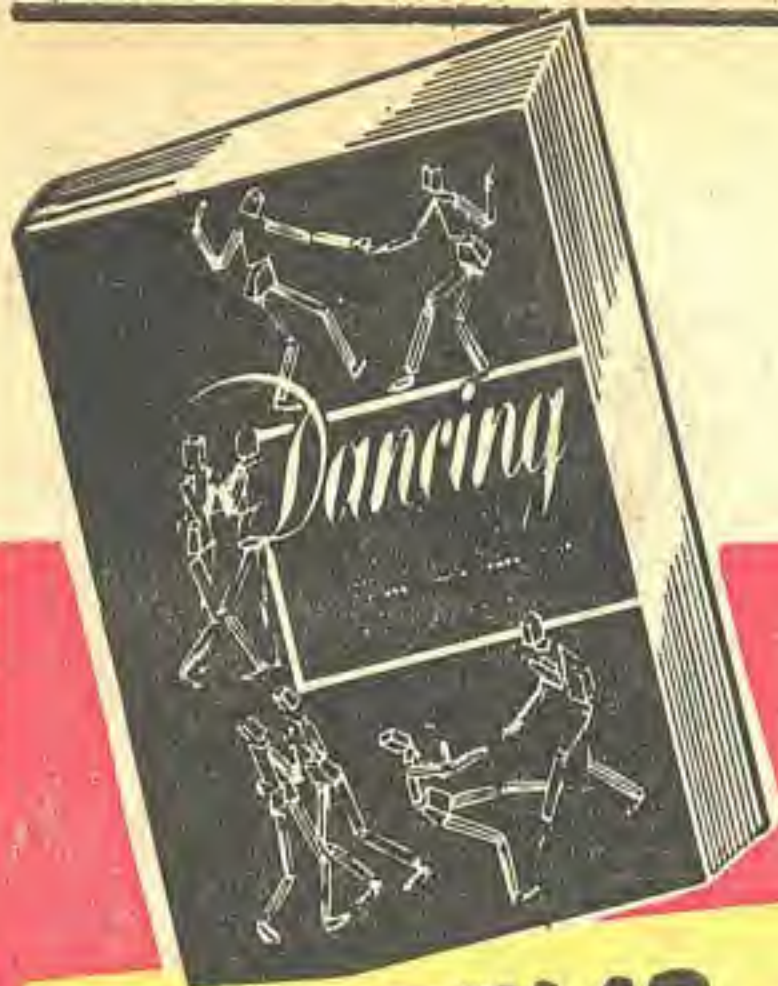
WAIT! MAYBE I'M
NOT LOST--HERE'S
SOME TRACKS--
THEY LOOK LIKE
A SMALL BEAR'S!
--HARMLESS, NO
DOUBT!



I'LL FOLLOW THEM!
MAYBE THEY'LL
LEAD ME OUT OF
THESE WOODS TO
SAFETY!



THE HEIR TO THE SCANVILLE MILLIONS WON'T
BE SO **SAFE** UNLESS DOTTY COMES TO
THE RESCUE!--SEE NEXT ISSUE!



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4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you!
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23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
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